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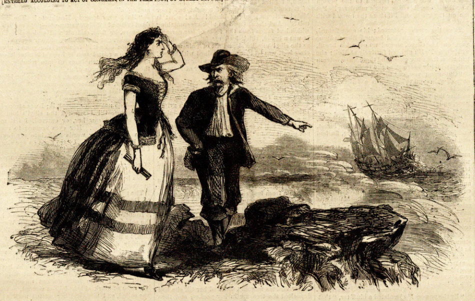

A BEAUTIFUL DEMON

BABY FLORENCE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Forehead pillow'd on my breast,
Velvet cheek on mine to rest,—
Arms that round the neck entwine
Like the tendrils of the vine.
Cadence low of dove-like cooing,
Like a fairy's moonlight wooing;
Fullness of intense delight,
Putting other joys to flight;
Wealth no eye save mine might see,
Baby Florence brought to me.

Floating visions night and day,
Of a body pale as clay,
Silence, such as fills the eyes;
When a strain of music dies,
Whisper of the words divine,
"Father! not my will but Thine."
Treasured memories, soft and sweet,
Blessed hopes again to meet,
Gifts so varied, rich and free,
Baby Florence left with me.

Thou, who from this mortal shore
To its home the sinless bore;
Thou, who know'st our inmost thought,
Thanks for what the baby brought,—
And though broken and bereft,
Thanks for what the cherub left.

Hartford, Conn., April 10th, 1861.

THE HUNTED FELON;

OR,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF LYNN.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

CHAPTER I.

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O sea.
But the tender grace of a day that 's dead
  Shall never come back to me! TENNYSON.

"Aha! that must be the Petrel! Give me your glass—quick! quick! I tell you this suspense is more terrible than the rack of the old martyrs!"

It was a woman's voice that spoke thus, but no sweet pathos trembled through its tones; on the contrary, they were harsh and unnatural, and the articulation quick and sharp, as if every word cost the speaker's heart a wild throe. The little, wizen-faced old man at her side lowered his glass, and handed it to her, exclaiming:

"By my faith, I did not dream it was the Petrel; your eye is keener than mine!"

"Long watching has made it so," replied the woman. "O, the weary, weary days and nights I have spent here, with the rain beating against my face like hailstones, the wind almost sweeping me from the rocks, the waves sending their salt spray over me!"

"More fool you," muttered the old man, shrugging his shoulders; "if I were as young and beautiful as Hortense L'Estrange, I'd never waste my life in watching for—for a man, who wouldn't thank me for it! Come, come, away!"

"Silence! silence, Antoine! I shall not go home till my wild thirst for revenge is slaked! Hark ye—I hate the captain of the Petrel; I hate her who was to take passage with him from Savannah to Boston. If the night comes on stormy, as old sailors say it will, in spite of this sunset, false lights shall lure his barque upon the rocks! If it should clear off, and they drop anchor in Saugus river, instead of breasting the tempestuous sea to their destined port, I shall find another way for my vengeance to work! You understand now! Keep still while I give the Petrel a second look!"

As she ceased speaking, she turned to the vessel, and nothing could have been more striking than the picture she formed. She stood on the highest part of Castle Rock, a great ledge on the north-eastern side of Nahant, whose buttresses, battlements and embrasures have given it the name it bears. Her figure, which was Junonian in its stateliness, was drawn up to its full hight, and the superb head, with its coronet of midnight hair, thrown back, displaying to the best advantage the proud arch of the graceful neck. Her scarlet skirt of Damascus silk, her bodice of black velvet, laced across the bust with a heavy gold cord and tassels, her quaint eardrops and bracelets, starred with rubies, which seemed to flash like live coals as the light struck upon them, and the wreath of sea-weed twisted in and out amid her tresses, lent a fantastic aspect to the strange creature. The waves seethed at her feet, the spray still glistened on her dark hair, and a scared gull circled above her, while the man at her side, with his slight, dwarfish figure, his elfin face and foreign costume, might have been taken for some gnome-king, lured from his realms by this beautiful Storm Spirit.

It was some eighty-seven years ago that the events we are describing took place, when Massachusetts was still a British colony.

For several days the weather had been as dismal as a gray sky, incessant rain, and wailing winds could make it, but the sun had just set in stormy splendor. Its gorgeous fires were burning themselves out amidst clouds of crimson, flecked with gold, but the winds still swept by in fierce gusts, the waves surged mountain-high, and away to the westward, they wore hues as rich as those that flush the waters which break against "Summer isles of Eden, lying in dark, purple spheres of sea."

But Hortense had no eye for this grand scene, save as it affected her interests; her gaze was fixed on the ship in question.

"What do you see?" asked old Antoine.

"The Petrel," was the sharp reply; "her gallant captain and crew are all astir—her passengers are thronging on deck. Among them stands a girl"—she hesitated an instant, and then went on, hissing the words out like a serpent—"a girl whose beauty has been my bane!"

Once more she paused, and remained silent for several moments.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she resumed, that great billow has tossed the ship much nearer! How peerless Grace is, as she stands at the stern! What bloom, what light there is in her young face, for she thinks the danger past! There, the captain has moved to her side; with what a confiding gaze she lifts her eyes to his! Aye, she loves him; poor and unknown as he is, she would dower him with her heart and fortune, I'll be sworn, should her uncle make no objections to the match."

The old man did not reply to these outbursts of passion, but his brow knit, and his slight form almost unconsciously took a defiant attitude.

Hortense L'Estrange watched the Petrel as long as she could discern anything on board, and then sank down on the rock, and dropped the spy-glass from her nerveless hand. In that hour she held a solemn tryst with memory. The surging billows, the wild, Nahant rocks, the chill winds vanished; a southern home rose before her, with airy verandas, long, low French windows, and walls, gleaming in pillared splendor, through the foliage of the magnolia and stately China trees. Again she roved through grounds where fountains laughed, and blooming vines wove their thick tangles, and Oriental pavilions lifted their slender minarets toward the sky. She recalled her first sea-voyage, when, after a long illness, her father took her in search of health. In dismal contrast to her present wretchedness, there rose before her visions of the South Sea Islands, shadowy with the tassled palm, cocoa and banana, balmy with the breath of tropic bloom and fruitage, and haunted by "strange, bright birds on starry wings." Once more, as in those days, she saw the fine form and handsome face of the second mate of the "Sea-Bird;" once more heard his deep, rich voice, inquiring if she were not better; once more rambled amid what seemed like gardens of eternal summer, leaning on his arm. Every deed of young Crofton, even the plucking of a purple grape-cluster and the gathering of a knot of rare flowers, came back to her now, and how long she might have dreamed on I know not, had she not been aroused by a sullen, booming sound—it was a signal of distress. She started to her feet, and gazed around in wonder, and, shall I say it? in savage delight.

Night had come on—such a night as no mariner on board the dismasted ship, no old settler on shore, had often known. Wild winds battled with each other, and played mad freaks with the Petrel, now wrenching away her spars, now tearing the white sails into shreds, and now making every beam creak and strain; one moment shrieking like a victorious demon, and the next sobbing out a wail for the dead, who slept on through all the tempest, in the great cemetery below. The sea roared and surged, and lashed itself into feathery foam, and ever and anon opened vast chasms, dark as Tartarus, and colder than Caucasian snow. The lightning, like a fiery pen, seemed writing on the black clouds overhead the "*Tekel*" of their destiny, and across the wide waste of waters came the boom, boom, boom of far-off thunder, while away to the south they could hear, in the lulls of the storm, the seething of the waves as they broke over Egg Rock.

"'Tis a terrible storm," said Antoine; "you ought not to be exposed to it; come, come home, I beseech you!"

"Not for the world; it is a glorious night for my purpose! Hear how the billows roar over the Shag rocks; how fiercely the water boils in Cauldron Cliff, and what a sound there is in the Spouting Horn! Ha! ha!" and her laugh, ruder than that of the bleak wind, echoed along the coast.

"You are a desperate woman," exclaimed the old man.

"Yes, and he made me so, when he trampled my heart under his feet. I know Richard Crofton's nature well; he would never fire a signal gun unless he were in great extremity. It is evident that he has lost his reckoning; he must be led still farther astray. Antoine, you are my trusty servant—you will not fail me now."

"No, my lady. I bless where you bless, curse where you curse! What would you have me do?"

"Hasten to Pierre's cottage, ask his wife for the *red light*, and rear it as soon as possible!"

"And where?"

"Just opposite Egg Rock; in the brightest day it is seldom calm round that rugged island; should a vessel run ashore there, she would go to pieces in ten minutes!"

"And you—you can doom Dick Crofton to such a death?"

"He wooed his fate! I said he should never marry another—I am only keeping my word! If you cannot raise the beacon, I will find somebody else, or do it with my own hands!"

"*Sacre!*" growled Antoine Lafarge, "if you are bent upon it, I will do as you wish; I'll not be outdone by a girl like you! But take this!" and he took off his red blouse, and wrapped it about her.

"I do not need it! My blood pours through my veins in a lava tide! Away! away!"

The old man obeyed, and Hortense was straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of his retreating figure, when the glare of a pine torch flashed into her face, almost blinding her. She glanced round, and saw a stout man, clad in working-day costume, and with his sleeves rolled up from a pair of brawny arms.

"Zounds! is that you, Hortense?" he exclaimed. "What has brought you here on such a night as this?"

"The same purpose which brought Gervayse Gault to the Lynn Iron Works—revenge," replied the woman, in French.

"Explain yourself!"

"You know that the Petrel has been beating about for two hours past!"

Her companion bowed assent.

"Well, they have fired a signal gun! Familiar as the coast is to Richard Crofton, he's lost his reckoning! The red light will lure them to ruin! See! see! Antoine has raised it! Hist! what is that?"

"The Petrel's crew cheering in acknowledgment of the beacon!"

"Yes, a few moments more, and they're lost!" and again the speaker's eyes blazed with savage delight.

"Hortense, are you mad?"

"No, but I am brave, and you are growing cowardly!"

"Cowardly," retorted the man, and now a mocking laugh mingled with the roar of the sea and the howling of the blast; "I tell you that a cherished plan depends on the preservation of those you would have perish to-night. The Petrel must be saved—Crofton's life must be spared, for a time at least, but I care not what measures you take to wreck his hopes! Grace Ward, with her rare beauty and her vast wealth, must be Heathcote's prize! If, as you think, the young captain loves her, would it not be a keener torture than death to have her wrested from him? Will you not wait?"

"Yes," rejoined the woman, after a moment's pause, "but how shall we manage? They are drifting on to ruin!"

"Leave all to me!"

"I will. I shall quit the cliff, but I shall be on the watch for your movements'"

The next instant a voice, which rang like a bugle-tone from cliff to cliff, and over the surging sea, cried:

"Luff! luff! Pay no attention whatever to yon *red light*—it dazzles to lead astray! Luff at once—you're bearing down on Egg Rock!"

The bystanders heard the shout, and muttered one to another—

"Who spoke—who spoke?"

"Moll Pitcher, of course," replied an old sailor; "her father was a wizard before her, and used to go down to Marblehead wharves, when his vessels were in danger, and give orders just as if he was aboard!"

"And did they obey?" queried a lad near.

"Aye, they did, and when their masters had become completely bewildered or disheartened, they outrode the storm. His mantle has fallen upon me! I told young Captain Crofton when he sailed, that wind and tide would be against him!" and a woman, muffled in a gray lambskin cloak, the hood of which concealed all traces of her face, save a pair of dark, magnetic eyes, joined the group.

"'Tis Moll herself," whispered a sailor; "talk of Satan, and he's always nigh. But what makes you nestle so close to me, boy?"

"I'm afraid of her," whispered the lad; "she's a witch! No money would hire me to go near her house! I wouldn't touch that dog of hers for the brightest dollar you've got."

In the meantime the object of these remarks had moved onward, with the torch she had brandished casting a brilliant glare around her. She had gone but a short distance when a small, symmetrical hand clutched her own—a haggard face, lit up by a pair of wild eyes, gleamed before her, and a voice which sounded hollow and unearthly, said—

"You are the sibyl of High Rock!"

The weird woman bowed, and the stranger continued—

"During the fortnight that I have been in Lynn, I have thrice visited your house to no purpose—you were absent!"

"What would you with Moll Pitcher?"

"They tell me you can read human destiny like an open book. I would fain have you cast a glance beyond the vail which hides my Future!"

"Aye!" replied the sibyl, "I have heard much of the young, foreign beauty, who has come, like a tropic bird, to find a brooding-place among our robins and thrushes! But no bird of the air carries so heavy a heart as yours."

A low moan was the only answer, and she went on:

"You have tasted the cup, which is either sweet, or mingled with wormwood and gall! You have loved, but its feverish joy is over—the dream is past—yon waves are not more restless than your spirit! The eyes that have watched for the Petrel so long, mirror no peace—they burn with hate, with revenge! The laugh, which rang along the coast to-night, had no music in it—'twas wildly exultant, as the shout a demon might raise over a fallen soul!"

Hortense shuddered, and averted her face. The quick-sighted Moll perceived it, and resumed:

"Well, turn away if you will. I can read your heart the same. Listen—I have one query to make—would you have mourned if the Petrel had been dashed in pieces within sight of Lynn, and her young captain flung ashore a corpse?"

Hortense hesitated, and ere she could frame a reply, the attention of both was diverted. The Petrel had, with extreme difficulty, been put about, and now Richard Crofton's voice was heard shouting through a speaking-trumpet:

"A thousand thanks, friends! Had you not warned me, we must have been lost! There is a lull in the storm, as you see, and if you can send a pilot aboard, I trust we shall be able to reach Boston in safety!"

Gervayse Gault was still lingering on Castle Rock, and drawing a trumpet from his capacious pocket, he placed it to his lips and replied:

"Ay, ay, sir! We'll send a pilot aboard if any boat can live in such a sea!"

The next moment Gault had descended from the ledge, while a man, closely wrapped in a shaggy overcoat, and with a seal skin cap drawn low over his eyes, came forward, dragging a boat. It was no light task to launch it, but ere long it was tossing toward the vessel, the light carried in the stern illumining the angry waters around. Moll Pitcher and Hortense stood silent, till young Crofton announced through the speaking-trumpet that the pilot was safe on the Petrel's deck. Then the sibyl said:

"I suppose he feels greatly relieved, but there's some people in Lynn who wouldn't trust their vessels with that mysterious pilot."

"And why?"

"Why!" echoed Moll, fixing her eyes on the woman at her side, and waving her torch slowly. "You, as well as I, know he is a desperate character."

"Do not talk of him," exclaimed Hortense, evasively. "You had not finished telling my fortune. Speak—speak—shall I ever trample Richard Crofton's heart under my feet, as he has mine? Shall I gain my revenge?" And her nervous clasp of the sibyl's arm tightened, her breath came in short and sudden gasps.

"Come to High Rock, and I will consult the oracles for you!"

The next moment Hortense L'Estrange was left alone in the sheltered nook where they had been standing, but as she stood there, she saw that many drew back in awe when Moll moved by. At length the sibyl flung her torch into the waters, and stole along like a shadow till she reached a desolate spot near the cave, known as Irene's Grotto. Beneath the fantastic arch she perceived two persons—one was Gervayse Gault, a blacksmith, who had recently sought employment at the Lynn Iron Works; the second, Antoine, the little, old servant who followed the fortunes of Hortense L'Estrange.

"Well," said the latter, "can we speak without fear of being overheard?"

"Yes, this is the loneliest part of lonely, old Nahant."

"Well, then, how do matters progress?"

"Famously," replied Gault. "I am as diligent a blacksmith as heart could wish; you, Antoine, a fisherman; and Ross a pilot!"

A low laugh greeted these words, and Gault continued:

"The fatal train is laid—as soon as she lands the gunpowder will be ignited! I use the language of metaphor, but you understand me."

"Aye, aye."

"I find the Lynn people inquisitive, but I am more than a match for them. The only person I fear is Moll Pitcher! If, as they say, she is skilled in mysteries beyond mortal ken, she can see through any mask we wear!"

"Mayhap gold will bribe her to silence."

At this juncture a laugh—a shrill, triumphant laugh—rang out upon the breeze; a voice, which seemed to issue from the depths of the earth, exclaimed:

"Beware! beware! how you trifle with Moll Pitcher!"

The conspirators started, and gazed around them as if they expected to see the weird woman advancing, but she came not. With some misgivings they searched the immediate vicinity, but no trace of her, or any other person, could be found. They separated, however, and soon afterward three travellers set out for Boston on horseback—they were Gault, Antoine, and Hortense. All of them rode fleet steeds, and Hortense, with her fearless grace, might have been taken for a beautiful Amazon.

The tempest had spent its fury ere midnight; the clouds had parted, disclosing the pale moon, the winds had sobbed themselves to rest. In the gray light of dawn they reached Boston, and after tarrying at the inn long enough to exchange her plumed hat and riding habit for a widow's weeds, Hortense followed Gault to the wharf. Despite the fears of those who had witnessed her danger, the Petrel, like the brave bird whose name she bore, outrode the storm, and came into port with torn plumage and weary wings, but with her freight of hearts unharmed. When she reached the wharf, a cheer arose from the throng gathered there, and was answered on shipboard by the fluttering of handkerchiefs, and a shout which seemed like a hymn of praise.

"Make way for Captain Ward's carriage!" cried a pompous negro, as a handsome equipage appeared. The next moment the blood-horses were reined in, and an old man opened the chariot window, and gazed anxiously at the vessel, exclaiming:

"There she is! there she is! there's Grace!" In another moment young Captain Crofton moved across the plank which served as a bridge, with Grace Ward clinging to his arm. A murmur of admiration ran through the throng, for such beauty was rare even in those days of beautiful women. Her form was above the medium hight, and rounded into perfect symmetry, and the loveliest qualities of two races were blended in her. From her English father she had inherited a complexion of exquisite fairness, and tresses "dark in the shadow," but now, as the early sunshine fell upon them, transmuted into burnished gold; while from her Creole mother she had inherited great, slumbrous eyes, with untold depths of tenderness, and drooping, blue-veined lids, fringed with the longest and the silkiest lashes, and full, ripe, dewy lips, that seemed framed to dimple into smiles. Her silken robe, her travelling-cloak, and jaunty Leghorn hat, bespoke wealth and taste, and there was about her an air of patrician elegance. Her cheek flushed, her eye kindled through a mist of tears, when she perceived Captain Ward.

"Dear, dear uncle!" she exclaimed, as he drew her into the carriage. "I thought last night I should never see you again, but Providence ordered it otherwise! I feared, too, that I should have to give up the voyage; for your friend, under whose escort I was coming, was attacked with a violent fever the day the Petrel was to sail. I should not be here, had not Captain Crofton offered to take charge of me. He has been kind as a brother. Thank him as I do. Thank him as he deserves!"

"I am indeed very much obliged to you," said her uncle, with the stateliness of the old *regime*. "Grace seems like a daughter to me; any service rendered her, I shall be happy to reciprocate."

"Captain Crofton lives in Lynn," resumed the girl, with almost childish eagerness; the next moment, however, a burning blush swept over her face, and her eyes drooped. Her uncle understood the hint, and, whether he wished or not, was obliged in common courtesy to act upon it.

"I should be glad to have you call during your stay at home," he said, with a shade of *hauteur*.

Crofton perceived the change, and at once suspected that the old aristocrat, who could trace his pedigree to a noble English line, thought the son of an humble Swampscot fisherman by no means a fitting companion for his niece, even though he had protected her during a long and perilous voyage. With apride which equalled his own, he rejoined:

"Thank you; my sojourn in your quiet town will be brief, and I shall therefore have but little time for anything save business."

But the softly murmured, "*Do come!*" of Grace Ward dissipated his coldness; his eyes beamed, his whole manner was gentle as a woman's, as he replied, in a tone scarcely above a whisper:

"Be assured I shall never lose my interest in you. Good morning!"

He grasped for a moment the hand she extended, lifted his hat, and bowed in as courtly fashion as if he had all his life been accustomed to what is termed the first circles.

Grace Ward gazed after him till he had disappeared, and when her uncle addressed her, started as if she had been roused from a pleasant dream.

And Hortense—where was she? Through the vail which enshrouded her face, she saw all that passed between the young captain and his beautiful passenger, and then hastened to the inn where Gault and his confederates were to discuss their plot over a glass of wine.

CHAPTER II.

"Take her up tenderly
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.
Owning her weakness, her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness, her sins to her Saviour."

"Ho! there, friend, can you tell me the way to Moll Pitcher's?" And as he spoke, the traveller reined in his jaded horse, and fixed a pair of keen, gray eyes upon the old farmer, who was journeying home from Boston in his great market wagon.

"Wal," rejoined honest John Ludlow, "you must be a stranger in these parts, for everybody round here knows where the Lynn fortune-teller lives."

"I am a stranger, sir. I have recently come to America, but in my own land I had heard of Moll Pitcher's fame."

"And I s'pose you want to consult her about some love affair! Young folks always go to her when they are crossed in love."

"No—I've lost a casket of jewels, and think she may assist me in discovering the thief. If she can, it will repay me for a longer and lonelier journey than this. How far is it, pray?" and the stranger drew forth a gold watch, to ascertain the hour by the fitful gleams of moonlight, which shot down through the boughs of the forest trees.

"'Tis a mile and a half to Moll's," said Ludlow. "You take the fust right hand road, and keep on till you get to a great ledge—that's High Rock; and at the foot of it there's two houses; one has a curious arch over the gate——"

"Moll Pitcher lives there, does she?" interposed the traveller.

"No, she lives just opposite."

"Thank you, sir!" and the stranger dashed on, muttering: "Confound it! 'tis more than it's worth to inquire of these country folk on ordinary occasions, but I have so much at stake this time, I'm obliged to."

It was evident that he was in no enviable mood, for his brow was knit, and ever and anon a half-smothered curse broke from his lips. He had gone but a short distance, when he emerged from the dim wood; then he again paused, and taking a crumpled paper from his wallet, endeavored to read the message which had been traced upon it in cipher.

"*Meet me at Moll Pitcher's, at nine o'clock!*" he said aloud; "thus runs the message. It is almost ten by my repeater, and I fear Gault will be gone; but perhaps he'll wait for me. On, on, my good Sultan! We have but a little distance to travel."

The jaded horse seemed to understand him, for he bounded off like an arrow; and ere long his rider saw the bold porphyry cliff which Ludlow had designated. The next moment he had stopped at its base, and was gazing intently around him.

Lynn was then a small village; High Rock could not boast of the Observatory that now crowns its topmost hight; beautiful, but desolate, it loomed up against the sky. Near its base stood a great, weather-beaten old house, with a single huge chimney, and low, narrow windows, from which gleamed a brilliant light. The stranger dismounted, and tying his horse to the rude fence, hurried along the well-worn path which led to the door. At the threshold he once more stopped, as if irresolute. Everything combined to deepen his superstitious awe; the clouds which had come trooping across the sky, the moon, the pale, fair, rebuking moon, the wail of the whippoorwill on a blackened stump near, the moan of the unquiet sea, surging over Lynn beach, and among the Nahant rocks, seemed charged with the mysteries to which this woman held the key. Absorbed in these musings, he did not hear the light step approaching him, out in another instant a voice that thrilled every nerve of his frame, said—

"Why wait ye here?"

Quick as thought he glanced back; there stood a woman, lithe and slender as an Arabian girl, with a finely moulded head, long black hair floating in dishevelled masses about a thin, pale face, and eyes so weird, so searching that he trembled beneath her gaze.

"Hark!" she muttered, "there's a moan in the sea to-night; the breeze which sweeps down from the rocks has a wail, a sob; yon moon hides among the clouds, and who wonders. There's been foul play in Lynn!"

"Foul play!" echoed the stranger, drawing farther into the shadows cast by the old house. "What do you mean?"

"You will soon know—ere daybreak the whole town will ring with the news! Again I ask, why wait ye at Moll Pitcher's door?"

"I have important queries to make: I have journeyed far to have the satisfaction of consulting you!"

"Come in then."

She glided into the house, and the stranger followed her. The next moment he found himself in a long, low kitchen, with bare floor, huge rafters overhead, and a rude hearthstone, on which smoldered a few embers. A bed, with a rug-quilt and snow-white pillows, occupied one corner, and in the centre of the room might be seen a round table, with claw-like feet, on which stood a China cup. I saw it the other day on a visit to Moll's house: it was small and shallow, with brown vines on a white ground, and there was nothing about it to tell of the lights and shadows which the famous sibyl used to see drifting up from this quaint vessel. An old settle, a few high-backed, rush-bottomed chairs, a pair of brass candlesticks on the mantel, and a looking-glass, decorated with a wreath of evergreen, and strings of sea-shells, completed the furniture.

Crouched down on the settle sat three men, whose blue jackets and tarpaulins told that they were sons of the ocean. As Moll entered, they sprang to their feet, and one of their number cried:

"Hallo, messmates, here she is, and ready and willing to tell our fortunes, I'll be bound!"

"Zounds, she's got another customer, Jack," retorted a comrade.

"Well, make all sail then—we'll wait."

"First come, first served," said the stranger, and, with a profound bow, he sank into a seat. The sailors moved off to the table, and tripping to the hearthstone, the weird woman took from the embers an antique pitcher, emitting the odor of a decoction, which was then a luxury—tea. She poured out a cup-full, drank it, and declared that she was ready to tell their fortunes—the grounds left in the bottom of the vessel, serving as a magic mirror.

In the meantime the stranger sat silent and thoughtful; he was tall, symmetrical, and powerfully-built, with a handsome, florid face, and thick, brown hair and beard. His surcoat had fallen back, revealing a velvet doublet and small clothes; diamonds blazed in his knee-buckles, and amid the lace-trimmed, linen ruffles on his breast, and on one finger glittered a curious ring, with the semblance of a vulture wrought in gold—the eye being a diamond spark, while a jewelled serpent was writhing in the bird's talons.

He did not appear to heed aught that was passing around him, till the door was flung wide open, and a short, thick-set man rushed in, exclaiming:

"Look here, mother Moll, old Captain Ward has offered five hundred pounds to the person who'll discover his daughter's murderer! Put me on the track, and I'll share the reward with you."

Then the stranger started; his eyes flamed, and the flush which had burned like a plague spot on his cheek, surged up over his broad, white brow. He glanced furtively at Moll; she had risen from her chair, and there was a solemn majesty in her bearing, as she replied:

"Out upon you, out upon you, I say! 'Tis only of gain you think, when a father's heart bleeds at every pore, and the murdered girl's mother lies yonder in strong convulsions! I am poor, and many say I would do anything for gold; but I will tell you nothing!"

"What has happened?" cried the gentleman, who had accosted John Ludlow in the forest, and he sprang forward, and stood there, flushed and tremulous.

"It is a sad story," said the sibyl; "I will make it as brief as possible! Six years ago, when Captain Ward lived in Boston, his daughter Mabel was called the most beautiful girl in the Colony. She was the light of their home, and they thought she would be the pride and comfort of their old age, when a great sorrow burst upon them like a thunderbolt. Mabel was missing, and though they searched for her far and near, they could find no trace of her, till a letter, dated at St. Petersburg, came across the seas."

"And the letter—what of it?" queried the stranger, who had manifested such an interest in this mournful tale.

"It was as follows:

"'DEAR MOTHER—I fled from you with one who is now my husband; but how and where I met him—nay, even his name, must remain mysteries. I am dead to you. Farewell! Forgive and forget.

Your daughter, MABEL.'"

"By the powers!" ejaculated a bluff tar, "that girl was a cruel creature!"

"Yes," resumed the weird woman; "but Captain Ward and his wife did not forget her! Their olden home was haunted by such sad memories that they left Boston and came here."

"And have they ever heard of her since the time of which you speak?"

"Last December, in the midst of the holiday cheer, another letter reached them—a letter that had been penned with an unsteady hand, and blistered with tears."

"Beloved ones," so wrote poor Mabel, "I am wretched—life has lost all its sweetness—I am coming home to die!"

"Were they willing to receive her after such conduct?" inquired Jack Stimson.

"Yes, they were ready to give her a cordial welcome, to clothe her in soft raiment, to surround her with the luxuries to which she had been accustomed from her childhood! But to-night their hopes are wrecked! Two hours ago our quiet town rang with the cry of *murder, murder!* Wild-eyed and terror-stricken, a boy, who had been up to the Saugus woods, in search of some stray cattle, came flying through the village. When questioned, he could only point toward the forest, and shriek: "THE PIRATE'S GLEN—MURDER! MURDER!" Men, women, and children flew to the spot, as if fear had lent them wings, and among the rest was Moll Pitcher!"

She paused, grew a shade paler, and shuddered.

"Pray, what did you see!" faltered the stranger.

There was something so unnatural in his voice, that all glanced at him. His face had lost its feverish flush, and seemed marble-like in its rigidity, but his eyes were dilated with horror. The short, stout man, who had come to Moll to obtain information, that might lead to the discovery of the murderer, moved to his side, and, giving him a significant look, muttered:

"Why, you're as pale as a ghost—you must have a sympathetic nature!"

At this Ralph Heathcote rallied.

"Yes, I have," he replied, mastering his emotion by a strong effort; "I have, too, more than a stranger's interest in Captain Ward—I am his cousin, and though I have never seen him, I have heard much of his family. I should have gone to his house immediately on my arrival, but I thought it too late to trespass on his hospitality. Poor, old gentleman!"

"Aye! You may well say so," continued the fortune-teller, "had you seen what I saw a few moments ago, you would have pitied him from the depths of your soul! There, in the shadow of the pines and cedars, lay a female figure. I pushed back a green bough, and the moon shone full upon her!"

Again Moll stopped, and her tones were hoarse as she continued:

"She must have been a beauty in health and happiness; but she was wasted to a skeleton—a crimson stream was welling from a deep wound on her forehead, and another on her breast. Pale, pale face, framed in blood-drenched tresses, you seem to peer at me from the dusky corners of the room, from the great rafters above, and even from this cup! Why does your image haunt me thus? Can it be that there is any person here who bears the brand of MURDERER in his heart?" Had she come from the land of spirits to unmask the felon who had murdered Mabel Ward, her manner could not have been more solemn, more striking; her lithe figure seemed majestic, her eyes flashed with prophetic fire, and one hand was uplifted in a gesture at once simple and impressive. It would be impossible adequately to describe the effect of her words; a sudden thrill ran through the group, every cheek blanched, every eye wandered wildly about the room, as if searching for that phantom face. Ralph Heathcote's rigid features worked convulsively, a cold sweat gathered on his broad brow, and the veins which traversed it grew purple and swelled out like knotted cords. Even the bravado, Gault, trembled and staggered back against the wainscot. The honest tars were the first to regain their composure.

"By my faith," cried Jack Stimson, "I wouldn't have come if I'd known you had ghosts for company. I've no fancy for 'em on land or sea. But, as God hears me, I'm innocent of this crime."

"So am I," exclaimed one comrade.

"And I, too. I'm bad enough, but the sin of murder don't lie at my door. I don't cruise round under a black flag!"

As they spoke, the three sailors drew themselves up with the pride of honest manhood, and Moll gave them an approving smile. For a moment there was a deep silence, broken only by the throbbing of the hearts within, the wail of the whippoorwill, the sigh of the breeze, and the moan of ocean-waves, as they broke on the white beach below. Once, twice, thrice Gault had essayed to speak, but his lips refused him utterance. At last, however, he said:

"Well, I suppose we can all say the same! I can, at any rate; but I cannot answer for the gentleman yonder!"

His look, even more than his words, recalled Heathcote's wandering senses.

"It is not probable," he began, in a tone which no effort could render quite firm, "that I should murder my kinswoman! No, no, I solemnly swear that I did not know such a crime had been committed in your neighborhood till I heard you allude to it, madam."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Gault, "you wouldn't help a poor blacksmith to the reward, Moll; you mean to get the whole yourself!"

"Gold is as good for me as for you, Gervayse Gault," replied the woman; "but I will not talk of it now! I can think of nought but poor Mabel weltering in her blood! Ha! what is this?" And she stooped to pick up something which had fallen from the folds of her corsage. It was a broad, thick leaf, carefully folded, and as the sibyl unrolled it, a lock of hair was disclosed—it was jet black, and stained with blood! Moll's ghastly pallor returned as her glance fell upon it, and she sank into her chair of state almost breathless.

"See," she continued, "I took it from the dead girl's stiffened fingers. It is evident that there was a struggle between her and her murderer, and she clutched his hair in a death gripe! I made bold to take it, for I thought it might be a clue toward unravelling the mystery! I would not sell it for a hundred pounds! I will not give it up to the authorities till I am forced to!"

She laid it on the table, and the five men moved forward and gazed at it in awe and wonder, while each glanced at the other, as if glad that none of them had ebon locks.

The fortune-teller sat for a time absorbed in gloomy thought; then she wrapped the gory hair in a fresh leaf she had broken from a rose branch, which drooped over one side of a great pitcher on the shelf near.

"Aye," she murmured, "a rose-leaf is not a fitting envelope for this blood-drenched hair—better pluck a cypress leaf for the purpose. I have none, but wormwood will do, for she died in bitterness of soul!"

With these words she flung aside the rose-leaf, and took one of the leaves of the wormwood that hung against the wall, drying for future use, and alas! withered like Mabel Ward's hopes!

Her visitors moodily watched her till she had deposited the treasure in her pocket, and then Stimson said:

"Has she been brought home?"

"No, she lies there still—they are holding an inquest. I must see and hear what passes at the Pirate's Glen to-night! I can tell no more fortunes; as I told you before, my cup is red with blood! Leave me—leave me!"

"But we'll pay you first," rejoined the sailor, and they drew forth their purses. Three gold coins clinked on Moll's table, and as she dropped them into her cup, she said:

"Had I no little mouths to feed, I would take nothing when my home seems haunted with Mabel Ward's face!"

"But, madam," cried Heathcote, "I am very anxious to ask your advice on a certain point."

"You must wait! Come to-morrow—to-night the oracles are dumb, or have but the wild wail—murder!"

With an imperative gesture she waved him from her, and he with the rest of the party left the house.

The next instant Moll re-appeared, and struck into a narrow path leading to High Rock.

"There goes the sibyl!" exclaimed Heathcote.

"Let's follow her," said Stimson.

"Ugh! who wants to see a dead woman?" muttered Heathcote, shrinking back.

"She is your cousin—you had better go and manifest the sympathy you feel," said Gault, and once more he cast a significant glance upon the young man.

"Well, I think I will take your advice. Good bye to you, sir."

"I am going, too!"

Heathcote was about to express his surprise, when Gault drew him aside on some pretence, and bending toward him, hissed:

"Heathcote, you're a fool! Two or three times to-night you've been on the point of betraying our secret! Have a care, have a care! Control your muscles, keep down that tell-tale flush, which surges over your face whenever this deed is discussed."

The young man growled an oath, and sullenly replied that he would try to be as stolid as Gault; then they rejoined the sailors, and started at a rapid pace for the spot designated by Moll.

The weird woman stood on the topmost hight of High Rock, gazing down upon the village. The wind played wild freaks with her dark hair, and some night bird startled from his brooding-place by her footstep, shrieked and circled above her head. What was the breeze whispering to her? What did the restless sea moan in her ear? Was it the terrible secret which old Captain Ward would have given all his wealth to discover? I cannot tell what her thoughts were, but I know that as those men approached her they felt the same awe which had stolen over them in her kitchen.

"You have then decided to go to the Glen?" she said, fixing her searching eyes upon them.

"Yes," retorted Gault; "the good Book says it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting."

"Hush!" said the sibyl, and wrapping her shawl about her, she moved forward.

Tradition says that years and years ago, just after sunset, a small vessel dropped anchor near the mouth of Saugus river. A boat was soon lowered, four men leaped into it, and rowed up the stream a considerable distance; then they landed, and plunged into the wood. Only a few had noticed them, but their suspicions were aroused, and the next morning they glanced eagerly at the shore. The mysterious vessel was gone, and she and her crew were for a time shrouded in mystery. It was at length ascertained that, on the morning in question, one of the men at the Iron Works discovered in the foundry a written order for a quantity of "hatchets, handcuffs, and other articles of iron manufacture," stipulating also that they should be made and deposited with secrecy in a certain place in the forest, which was particularly designated, where an amount of silver to their full value would be found. The articles were delivered in conformity to orders; the next day they were gone, and the money found according to the written promise, but though a watch was kept, no vessel was seen.

Several months later, the four men to whom I have alluded came back, and made themselves a home in the picturesque glen I have described. They built a hut, cultivated a garden, and digged a well, some traces of which are still visible. Their retreat was finally discovered by one of the king's officers, and a royal cruiser sent in search of the buccaneers. Three were arrested and carried to England; the fourth escaped, and took refuge in a rock two miles northward. In that cavern, where it is supposed the pirates had concealed their booty, the fugitive lived till the great earthquake of 1658, when the top of the rock went crashing down into the mouth of the cave, and buried him in a dismal sepulchre, which has ever since been known as the Pirate's Dungeon.

Such are the romantic associations linked with the neighborhood of the dismal glen, where the four buccaneers dwelt, but never had it been invested with a more tragical interest than on the midsummer night when poor Mabel Ward was murdered as she was returning to her home like a crippled bird to its nest. As Moll Pitcher and her party approached it, they heard the hum of voices and low sobs. Heathcote started, and clutching Gault's arm in a vice-like clasp, whispered:

"The sight will be too much for me—I shall betray myself and you—I durst not go on! I will pretend to hurt my foot on these rocks, and stop."

"Hold your tongue, Heathcote! The ugly deed is done! Nobody suspects—not even Moll. Be brave, be firm, and all will end well. For God's sake, get the mastery of your nerves!"

"Deuse take it!" rejoined the young man; "I'd give a round sum if I could bluster it out as you do! Satan lures us into trouble, and then makes cowards of us."

"You talk like a woman, or a drivelling idiot. Remember, remember how much we have at stake on this desperate game. Remember your oath! Break it if you dare!"

"I—I do not wish to break it; I was strong in my purpose till I reached the sibyl's house, even before I saw her, or entered, I felt my courage vanishing. Her eyes seemed to read my very soul—her words sank into my heart like burning arrows! I have lived an age since I heard of Mabel's murder!"

"Hist! here we are at the glen! Take care—or—or——" He did not finish the sentence; but his blazing eye, and the sudden clenching of his hand, told that his wrongs would not go unavenged.

The next moment they stood in the presence of Death. That scene daguerreotyped itself upon their memories, and as long as they lived it haunted them at morning, at mid-day, and in the solemn watches of the night. Mabel Ward lay just as the murderer had left her when, like Cain, he fled from the spot. Her face was exquisitely delicate in its chiselling; and but for the crimson stream which had oozed from a deep gash on the brow, and the rich lengths of golden hair, dabbled in blood, she might have been taken for one of those funereal statues which gleam white from ancient sarcophagi. Her robe of black silk had been elegant, but it was soiled, and tattered; her wasted neck was encircled by a gold chain, to which a locket was attached—this was half open, revealing a glimpse of a baby face, and a faded crape shawl and scarlet hood hung on a cedar bough hard by. Her dainty, high-heeled shoes had almost been worn from the swollen feet, the white hands were clenched, and on one might be seen a blood-stain—the print of gory fingers. The grass around was rudely trampled, as if there had been a struggle between the murderer and his victim—a struggle in which the weary wayfarer had summoned all her strength to wrest herself from the iron grasp fastened upon her. A broken dagger glittered among the broad, brake leaves which grew near her head, and a bit of lace, matching the frills that decorated her dress, had been flung down beside the fragments of steel.

The pines nodded like funeral plumes; the moon peered over her bulwark of clouds, like the pale face of some desolate mourner; the thunder muttered like the herald of a coming doom in the far-off west, and ever and anon the lightning's red hieroglyphs flickered along the sky.

A crowd had gathered around the corse—honest shoemakers, sturdy Swampscot fishermen, and weather-beaten old sea-captains; buxom matrons, young girls in gay calimanco skirts, and dimity short-gowns, and even aged women, bent and wrinkled, were there. But every face was pallid with wonder and dread, every eye had a depth of sorrowful meaning. The coroner, a grave, keen-sighted man, was holding an inquest, with a jury which had been suborned on the spot, and half a dozen of the most stalwart yeomen were searching with lanterns for further traces of the felon.

Through the motley crowd Moll Pitcher pressed, and planted herself at the feet of the dead woman, but her gaze often wandered to those who had come with her from High Rock. The sailors stood aghast for a while, and then joined the men who were scouring the glen. Ralph Heathcote took in at a glance the awful scene; his face flushed and paled alternately; a mist swam before his eyes; rocks, trees, the faces of the living and the dead blended like the phantasmagoria of a horrid dream. There was a confused ringing in his ears, strange voices whispered airy nothings, wild eyes peered at him, hideous countenances and grotesque shapes danced up and down like phantastic puppets, and it appeared as if a legion of fiends were rioting in his brain. Gault at length broke the spell which had bound him.

"Heathcote, Heathcote," he exclaimed, shaking the young man by the shoulder.

Heathcote started, and stared about him like a person coming out of a terrible trance.

"What do you want?" he asked with a bewildered air.

"Why," replied the bravado, "some of the men have gone in search of the murderer——"

"The murderer. Aye! the murderer!" echoed Heathcote.

"Let us go too!" and he wound his stout arm about his friend in guilt, and almost dragged him off.

They had proceeded but a short distance, when they reached a nook, where they would be unobserved by the bystanders. Then Gault took a pistol from his pocket and growled:

"Heathcote, do you see that? If you don't play your part better, you'll find its muzzle at your throat! Here!" and he produced a flask of brandy, and uncorking it, held it to Heathcote's lips.

"Zounds!" he cried, "I feel like a new man! The brandy fires my blood, and steadies my nerves—more, more!"

"Not another drop! I wouldn't have you drunk for the world. Nay, do not start, yet—wait till you are composed—till you are ready to face these people without flinching."

A few moments passed in silence, and then Heathcote resumed:

"There, 'Richard's himself again!' What do you wish me to do?"

"Join the party who are searching for further trace of the villain, who has perpetrated this deed. Ha! Ha! I'll drink to their success!" and he drained the flask of the remainder of its contents, adding, "Come."

They moved away, and soon espied a group, who appeared to have made some discovery. Hurrying on, they soon reached the Pirate's Well. Time had rotted its rude curb; moss and brake leaves had gathered on the stones, and far, far down glittered the cool water. But was it a mere fancy, conjured up by the tragic scene of the murder, or was it indeed true that the once pure tide was, like old Maule's well, red with human blood? The gazers asked themselves this question, as the light of their lanterns flashed into its depths, lending a ruddier hue to the waters below. Be that as it may, the stoutest of the men shuddered, and one said:

"God help us, the murderer has left a stain in the Pirate's Well! Perhaps he hid his clothes here."

"Pshaw," said Gault, "I don't believe it."

"Still, there can be no harm in searching; bring me a long stick, Jim."

"I've got something better than that," said a sturdy fisherman. "I was going over to the beach to haul in a boat that was swamped in the gale yesterday, when I heard the cry of murder. This grappling-iron is just the the thing you need."

"Lower it into the well then; you're more used to such business than I am."

The man obeyed—all at once he gave a start, and his eyes seemed wild as a maniac's. A face, a sweet infantile face appeared to be smiling at him from the waters. The next moment he drew up a child of three summers perhaps. Great Heavens, what a sight that was! The white frock clung close to the dimpled limbs, the bright hair, which was remarkable for its length and thickness, fell in drenched ringlets about the face, and among the curls was knotted a brake leaf which it had caught in the descent. Links of red coral were clasped about the plump neck, and fastened with a little locket, containing a medallion likness of Mabel Ward. This, together with the resemblance to the woman, who had been found dead in the glen, told plainly enough that the child was hers. Gault and Heathcote were standing side by side, when the second corse was discovered, and the bravado marked the thrill which ran through his companion's frame. Again his reason seemed reeling upon her throne, and again Gault came to his aid.

"Look," he whispered, "there she is—there's Grace Ward and the old captain."

Heathcote glanced in the direction indicated, and saw a grey-haired man tottering along, with a girl in the first flush of her youth and loveliness, leaning on his arm. Grief had swept the bloom from her cheek, and given her large Creole eyes a mournful look, but she was still matchlessly fair.

"Good Heavens! how beautiful," exclaimed Heathcote; "the picture we saw at Naples, glorious as it was, did not do her justice."

"I told you so. Is she not a prize worth scheming for?"

"Yes, indeed—the sight of her makes me strong once more. I will join them at once, and make myself known."

"Not yet, not quite yet—let us watch them a few moments."

"Well, be it as you wish," and now both leaned forward, and gazed at the captain and his niece, as they passed.

They reached the fated spot just as two men bore the dead child to its mother's side.

"Why, what have we here?" cried the coroner.

"We were searching round the Pirate's Well, when the appearance of the water led us to suspect that all was not right. We flung down a grappling-iron, and drew up the corpse you see. The locket on her neck has a likeness of Mabel Ward in it, and then the features, the hair, the complexion are the same."

A wild groan broke from Captain Ward; he flung himself beside his daughter and the baby-corse, and looked from face to face in agony which passes description. He kissed the marble brows, he smoothed the bright hair, he held the pale hands in a nervous clasp, while Grace bent over him like a pitying angel. The voice of the coroner aroused him from the horrid reverie, into which he had fallen.

"Friends," he said, "from all the evidence we can obtain, we are forced to conclude that Mabel Ward and her child came to their death by the hand of some person or persons unknown. Joel White was driving some strange cows through the wood, when he heard the cry of murder. Thrice it smote upon his ears, each time growing fainter, and the boy was so paralyzed that he could not stir for several moments. When he did summon strength to start, the shrieks had ceased, but peering through the cedar boughs, he beheld a woman's corse. Half-wild with terror, he flew to the village, to give the alarm, and Captain Ward's faithful Sambo, not knowing, of course, who the victim was, gained the glen a half-hour before we came up. On recognizing his young mistress, he hastened back to the house with the awful tidings. But both he and Joel declare they saw no traces of the murderer, except what we have all seen."

"He shall, however, be found if he is anywhere in the wide world!" exclaimed Captain Ward, rising in the majesty of his grief and indignation; "I'll not give up the search till my last penny is spent, my last drop of blood spilled."

The next instant his strength had vanished; he grew pale, and seemed about to fall. Grace glanced round and saw young Richard Crofton standing at a little distance, with his head uncovered, and his countenance wearing an expression of horror. Their eyes met, and extending her hand to him, she exclaimed:

"My uncle—my poor old uncle!"

That appeal thrilled the young man's heart to the core: he sprang forward, exclaiming:

"You look ill; can I do anything for you, sir?"

The aristocrat who had so haughtily invited Crofton to his house three weeks before, was merged in the stricken mourner.

"O, Captain," he cried, "this is dreadful—dreadful; it will bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave—it will kill her mother!" and he abandoned himself to a passion of tears.

"I have no words strong enough to express my sympathy. Lean on me: you tremble like a leaf."

Captain Ward grasped the stout arm offered him, and then turning to his niece, Crofton murmured:

"It is a great shock to you also—will you accept the other arm?"

There was no time for idle compliments, but in his presence the maiden felt new strength.

At this juncture a deep, clear voice said:

"Let the murdered ones be borne hence! The inquest is over—there is no need of further delay. There are many stout men here; let them form a litter, and be quick about it, for the sun should not rise on such a scene."

The suggestion met with favor, and as the bystanders made hurried preparations for the removal of the dead, Moll Pitcher glided to Captain Ward's side, and muttered:

"I would have a moment's speech with you."

She breathed a few words in his ear, and their effect was magical, for a faint glow stole into his haggard cheek, and when the litter was in readiness, he placed the body upon it as if it had been a feather's weight, and walked foremost among the bearers. Grace followed with Richard Crofton.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

IF a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Oh, stranger-blooms, imprisoned here,
Bright memories of the far-South sun,
While pallid North-lights glimmer near,
I bend and kiss you, every one.

I kiss you, dreaming of a dream,
Of violet eyes and lily hands,
For, exile-flowers, your perfumes seem
A yearning for your tropic lands.

Your tropic lands, where, in the light
Flashed from a cross of stars, alone,
One wanders thro' the goldened night
'Mid hues and odors like your own.

And looks where late a homeward mast
Was fading o'er the shadowy sea,
That moans between him and the past,
And thinks some bitter thoughts of me.

Yes, exile-flowers, your perfumes seem
A yearning for your tropic lands,
And I am dreaming of a dream,
Of violet eyes and lily hands.

THE PHANTOM'S CAVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

On the borders of the Minho, to the north of Valencia, there exists a deep cavern which, from time immemorial, has been known by the name of *Cave of the Phantom.* Not many years since, it would have been impossible to prevail upon the boatmen of the Minho to cross the river in the vicinity of that spot after dark; and if perchance any boat were seen to pass that way during the night, it was well known that it could belong to none but smugglers, who carried on their traffic from one to the other margin of the river which separates the kingdom of Portugal from Galicia, as they alone ventured to disregard the prevailing superstition. According to an ancient tradition, it was believed that during the hours of night a phantom, in female garb, sailed on the stream in a boat, against wind and tide, landing at a certain spot, where she remained for some time; and after howling like a hungry wolf, she would get into the boat again and return to the cave, where both she and the wherry suddenly vanished. The people on either margin used to affirm that whenever any persons had the misfortune to meet with the phantom during these excursions, they invariably disappeared, never more to be heard of.

This singular tradition, like many others, took its origin from events which happened at a very remote period.

At the time when Portugal was subject to the yoke of the Moors, Valencia chanced to fall into the hands of a valiant warrior named Ruy Gadelha, who for a long time defended it successfully against repeated attacks of the infidels; but at last, being in want of reinforcements, he succumbed to the superior force of the enemy; the place was entered, and Ruy Gadelha perished, leaving a son whom he charged to avenge him.

Rowing was a favorite pastime of the people of Galicia at that time. Even groups of ladies would be seen in boats rowing about in all directions, especially on moonlight nights; and while plying their oars they would often sing ballads, the theme of which was generally some of the heroic deeds of the great Alfonso—Alfonso, the terror of the Saracen.

On one of those nights, while the moon reflected its silver rays upon the water, a boat approached the left bank, from which the delicate form of a female leaped on shore with a nimble step. In a moment the figure of a man in complete armor was by her side.

"Isabel, dear Isabel," said the knight, "bless thee and thy soul for this moment of happiness which thou dost vouchsafe me! How much I have to tell thee; but I find not the words; in truth, 'tis not on so beautiful a night as this that they should be spoken."

Isabel, with her head reclining on the shoulder of her lover, was listening to what he said; and perceiving that his soul was overburdened by some hidden grief, she anxiously inquired the cause.

"Why poison such blissful moments?" replied he; "the brilliancy of that orb which shines upon us from above should not be dimmed by the gloom which besets my heart!"

The damsel looked at her lover, and saw that his face betrayed the distress that was in his heart. Recoiling, with an expression of horror, she exclaimed:

"Nuno, Nuno, why dost thou conceal the truth? Art thou come here to plunge a dagger into this heart, which is thine? Art thou come, peradventure, with the intention of breaking thy vow—or to announce our eternal separation? O! let me know the worst; for uncertainty is beyond endurance. Why, for Heaven's sake, didst thou not let me perish, when the frail boat, which I was steering through the water, upset and threw me headlong into the river, which I have just crossed to come and meet thee? Didst thou save my life that I might learn now that all my hopes are blasted?"

The allusion made by Isabel, had reference to the noble act whereby the knight had saved her life ere he loved her. It must be more fully explained. Isabel was the daughter of Don Diego de Ossuna, a Castillian hidalgo, possessor of large estates in Galicia. One day Isabel was rowing in a boat with some friends, when a collision taking place with another, her boat was upset, and she was thrown into the stream. Nuno Gadelha, son of the brave defender of Valencia, happened to be near the spot. He no sooner perceived what had occurred, than he threw himself into the water and succeeded in landing the damsel in safety on the Galician side of the river, where the servants of Isabel were bewailing her loss. From that day they swore eternal love for each other, and Nuno availed himself of every occasion to repair to the spot, whence he had been a witness to the disaster, and for the first time beheld his beloved. Now, on the present occasion, Nuno brought bad tidings . the company which he commanded had been ordered to join a larger force in order to repel the infidels, who were then laying waste the northern part of Portugal.

"Dearest Isabel," said the knight in answer to her lamentations, "dispel those idle fears, and dry those tears. While I breathe the breath of life, my days are thine. But duty compels me to obey orders, and join my companions, that we may do our utmost to shake off the yoke of the Moslem. Our separation will be short, my beloved."

"Ah! thou dost but reveal a part of my misfortune. This separation cannot be of short duration, Nuno. Thou and thy handful of companions in arms, engaged in a bloody war, will not be able to resist the myriads of Islam. Perhaps this will be the last time I shall see thee? O say, for pity's sake, what must I do to avoid this separation?"

"Follow me; let us fly! reward my constant love with the gift of thy hand. Leave these gloomy walls and their cheerless inhabitants, whose hearts are as cold as the waters of this river. Come, be mine forever."

"Oh, heavens! what would I not give to follow thee! But how can I abandon my father? Shall the few remaining days of his life be consumed in despair and dishonor? Shall such be the return for the deep affection he has ever evinced towards me; for since my mother's death no one but myself has a place in his heart. On learning that thou hadst saved the life of his daughter, he lifted his hands and thanked the Almighty. Then he asked me who thou wert, whether noble blood flowed in thy veins?

"He is a knight, father."

"'But his name?' asked he.

"'I know it not,' replied I, with much agitation.

"'Had he been noble, he would not have concealed his name: this suffices for me, Isabel.'

"These words caused my cheeks to turn pale, and since then, I have never spoken of thee to him. But now he shall know the truth; thy noble heart, thy constancy and thy love will overcome his pride, and to my entreaties he will yield."

"'Tis a vain hope, Isabel; thy attempt will not be successful. Thy father will never consent to our union; his pride would be shocked at the idea of thy becoming the wife of a knight without name and fortune. Follow me if thou lovest me, or renounce me forever."

"No, no, thou shalt not depart before giving me time to go and press to my lips the hand of him to whom I owe my being. If thou lovest me as much as thou sayest, wait till to-morrow, and Isabel shall be thine."

Having spoken these words, the maiden hastened back to her boat, while her lover seemed rooted to the ground, his heart the prey of contending emotions. There he stood, watching the little boat as it glided along the smooth surface of the water, fast approaching the opposite shore, and he might have remained in this position for a long time, but that an officer, who had been in quest of him ever since sundown, approached, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Señor," said he, "a reinforcement, which has just arrived, brings us orders to attack the place to-morrow. The infidels are sorely in want of provisions, and will offer but a feeble resistance, according to information received. Come, Señor, let us prepare everything in order to make us sure of victory, which, God willing, cannot fail to be ours."

Nuno listened to the officer's speech, and then followed him in silence.

The greater part of the night was employed in preparing for the attack, and Nuno was active and zealous in attending to his duties. The last wish of his father, whose death was still unrevenged, had not been forgotten. Love and revenge were now the only two emotions that possessed his heart.

Meanwhile Isabel had reached her father's abode, accompanied by her confidential servants, who were wont to wait for her by the river's side, whenever she ventured on these nocturnal excursions. Anxious about the fate of her lover, fearing that if her father should become acquainted with the true motives of her frequent absence, he might forbid her seeing Nuno for the future, she scarcely knew how to act, and passed the whole night in this state of painful uncertainty.

Ere the break of day the Portuguese troops were on the move. The deepest silence prevailed on the march. Nuno advanced at the head of his men without uttering a word, only ever and anon his breast would heave, and a sigh was heard by those nearest to him.

At length the troops halted, and while they were making ready for the onslaught, the besieged were by no means idle. Scouts rushed into the place, and with the cry—"*Allah! Allah!*" gave the alarm. The town was under the command of Aben-Jacub, who, being informed of the attack, made a short harangue to his soldiers, and after thus exciting their enthusiasm, took his measures for resisting the enemy.

The besiegers, raising their war-cry, "*Santiago!*" came on with impetuosity. Large stones and thousands of arrows now went flying in all directions from the battlements. Ere long Nuno began to see his companions fall by scores; but calling to the rest to follow, saying, "Forward, my friends! the place is ours!" a furious assault was made. The Moors, however, succeeded in driving them back. Much blood had been spilt, and the victory was still uncertain. The Christians advanced again to the attack; but while striving every nerve to gain possession of the walls, they saw Nuno fall—an arrow had found its way to his heart. His soldiers immediately retreated and took to flight in the utmost confusion, leaving the infidels to exult in their success.

When night came on, Isabel repaired again to the accustomed rendezvous; but no one came to meet her. She called, but no voice answered. "Heavens! what has happened to Nuno?" she exclaimed. Two hours were consumed in anxious expectation, till at last the boatman urged her to return, as the night was far advanced. On her arrival home, Isabel, deadly pale and greatly agitated, shut herself in her chamber, and directed one of her attendants to try to ascertain the names of those who had fallen in battle. Meanwhile she refused all nourishment, anxiosly awaiting the result of the inquiries. On the following day the servant returned, and by the melancholy expression of his countenance she at once suspected the woeful tidings he brought her. She gave a cry of anguish, and fell senseless to the floor. Thus she continued for several hours; but when she regained her senses, it was only to fall into a state of frantic despair.

"Nuno! Nuno!" cried she. "They have slain thee, the bravest of the brave. Where is thy lifeless body? Monsters of cruelty, would you separate me from him? You cannot! So long as my arms are not stiffened by the frost of death his corpse shall be closed in their embrace! No one has the power of severing us!"

She again fell into a swoon, which retained its hold upon her for several days. This was followed by a fever, and when it moderated, she began to give signs of mental alienation. From this moment it was only by force that she could be made to take nourishment; she loathed the sight of every one, and even shunned the presence of her father, whom she had once so timidly loved. Three months passed in this way, when an apoplexy put an end to the existence of Don Diego d'Ossuna, leaving Isabel an orphan. She appeared to be insensible to the loss of her father, nor did she manifest the slightest degree of sorrow. A few days after this event, she insisted upon crossing the river, and as those who watched over her did not deem it prudent to thwart her in her desire, she took her seat in the boat in a state of violent agitation. On reaching the opposite shore, she jumped out of the boat, and tracing her steps towards the spot where she had so often come to meet her lover, she began to run about distractedly, uttering fearful cries, pulling her hair, and showing every sign of the wildest insanity. It was with the greatest difficulty that she was conveyed back to the boat, where for a few moments her mind appeared to regain its composure. The boat was gently moving along, and had reached the middle of the river, when on a sudden the unfortunate Isabel, ere anybody could prevent it, threw herself into the water, and sank never more to appear.

Every effort was made to recover the body, in order to bury it in the vault of her forefathers; but it was never seen, having most probably been carried away by the current and cast into the ocean. In the meantime, the people would have it that the reason why the body never appeared, was because it had been conveyed to the cave of love, which subsequently received the name of the cave of the phantom. Some even imagined that they had seen the deceased on her knees at prayer near the cave, and in the course of time to these superstitious beliefs were added the absurdities mentioned above.

WELCOME TO BABY

BY CLARA SYDNEY

Welcome, welcome, wee new comer,
Welcome, child of the pleasant summer;
Thou hast come whilst the roses are blooming fair,
While fragrance and melody fill the air;
And we hope that an omen of good it may be,
A sign that life's shadows are not for thee,
That thy path through the world may be cloudlessly bright,
Thine eye ever clear, and thy heart ever light.
Sweet baby, thou art to thy mother given
A jewel bright from the court of heaven:
She must watch lest her jewel become not dim,
For she must render account to Him
Who gave to her keeping a sinless child,
Who will frown if the treasure become defiled.
Like a message bird from that blessed shore
Where sin and sorrow are known no more,
With a song of love to thy mother's heart,
So sweet that its mem'ry can ne'er depart,
Thou art come; but she knows not how long thy stay,
When thine errand is done thou wilt speed away
As the bird whose mission is ended flies
With songs of joy to the clear, blue skies,
So thou, all fetters which bind thee riven,
Wilt soar away to thy native heaven.
She must watch lest her heart-strings *too closely* cling
About thee, thou beautiful dying thing.

THE FOOL'S-CAP.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD PEDAGOGUE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was many years ago that I commenced keeping school. I had graduated at an academy of some note, and was pretty well posted-up in those branches of education which were introduced into our common schools; and when the committee came to examine me, I could see that they were very forcibly impressed by the ease with which I answered all their questions. In short, I knew about everything that was set down in the books which I had studied, for I happened to possess one of those wonderfully retentive memories that fastens surely upon whatever comes once within its grasp. I imagined, and so did the committee imagine, that I was eminently qualified for the post to which I aspired. But, as I look back now upon the events of those years, I can see wherein I greatly erred. I can see where I made great mistakes, and where I most wofully lacked in qualification; and I write this little chapter of Recollections for the benefit of those who may be just entering upon the duties of Teacher.

When I commenced my first school, (and the same ideas which governed me then governed me for a long time afterwards,) I looked upon the children before me as so many little individuals whom I had got to fill with learning. They were, to my mind, so many human vessels, which had got to be filled up with the waters of education; and my only ideas of capacity were of size and age In my class of ten scholars, which was to recite from the mental arithmetic, and the members of which were nearly of the same age, I considered that each individual must hold just the same amount of mathematical food, and digest it equally with the rest. And thus I commenced my school. I knew what was written in the books, and I was to teach it to the children before me. I had learned it all, and I believed that they could. At least, if they did not, I meant that it should be no fault of mine.

In my first class in arithmetic were two boys whom I have selected to figure in this sketch. I take them because their subsequent career affords a striking example of the facts I wish to present. I shall not give you their real names, for they are both living, and are worthy, honorable men. I shall tell you that they were Luke Weston and James Shute. Luke was rather heavily built, with a large, full head; a florid, chubby face; a dark, bluish-grey eye; dark brown hair; and inclined to be slow and dreamy when called upon to work with his mind. He could work fast enough out of doors, when the play-hours came, and when the free air and the vigorous exercise sent the copious blood bounding through his veins; but in the school-room, over his books, he was quite another character.

James Shute, on the other hand, was light of frame; with a small, compact head; hair of a flaxen hue; light blue eyes; and possessed an organization highly nervous and sensitive. He cared but little for the rough sports out of doors; seeming rather to prefer his books, and perfect himself in his lessons. I did not make any account of these physical peculiarities at the time, for I thought nothing of them, and cared nothing for them; but I remember them well enough now.

Luke and James were in the same classes, in all the branches which they studied together, and the few months of difference in their ages were in favor of the former, he being a little the oldest. In a very short time I discovered that Luke Weston did not learn his lessons well. He blundered in his arithmetic, and stumbled lamely over his spelling lessons. As I look back now I can remember that he used to betray a deep interest in some portions of philosophy; and that, when the subject interested him, he read with a feeling and spirit not excelled by any scholar in the school. But I cared little for this at the time. I looked upon the black-board as the grand field for scholastic display; the spelling-book came next; and next came Lindley Murray's old calf-bound grammar, with its intricate maze of Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody. These were my educational deities, before which every intellect must bow, and from the inspiration of which every intellect must be filled.

James Shute became my favorite scholar. He worked over his slate with an assiduity which was untiring; and I felt a pride in exhibiting his powers to my visitors. Upon the black-board he could perform wonders for one so young. In reduction; in fractions, simple and compound; in involution; in factors; and in the roots, he was perfectly at home. So, too, in spelling was he prompt and sure. And in grammar he was excellent. He sometimes made mistakes in analyzing sentences, where the meaning of the author was not plain; but he remembered his rules, and knew how to apply them.

With Luke Weston I was sorely perplexed. He did not get his lessons well at all. When he came to compound fractions he could do nothing with them. Left to himself, with his own time and method, he could worry the sums out; but he was behind-hand in his recitations, and always blundered upon the black board. In grammar he was also remiss, though not so bad as in arithmetic. When he came to parsing he got along much better than I could have anticipated, since he had been so clumsy in committing the rules and exercises of Lindley Murray to memory. In analyzing language, and comprehending the powers of words, and in understanding his author, he betrayed a keenness of perception for which I did not then give him credit. I remember once, the class were parsing in a passage from Milton. A relative pronoun came to Luke, and he parsed it. I corrected him in the matter of its relation. I told him it related to a different person from the one he had named. He read the sentence over again, and objected to my idea, maintaining that he was right; and he was proceeding to show me wherein I was in error, when I interrupted him, and made him stand out in the floor an hour for his disobedience of my instruction. That night, when alone in my room, I read the passage over, and at length became convinced that Luke had been right. But I would not own it to him. No, no,—that would have lowered me in my own esteem. Yet I resolved to be more careful in the future how I corrected him in his parsing lessons. However, he was, in my estimation, full of short-comings. With his general behavior I had no reason to find fault, for he was a noble, generous-hearted fellow, and was beloved by his friends.

"Luke," said I, as I stopped him one night after school, "why is it that you do not get your lessons?"

He said he didn't know.

"Don't tell me," I cried, "that you don't know. You don't study—that's the reason. See how James Shute gets his lessons. You are older than he is."

Luke said he could not get such long lessons —he could not remember them. He had tried hard enough to do the puzzling sums, and to spell the long words, but he could not do it.

I told him it was all nonsense. He could do it if he had a mind to. He did not try. He was more fond of play than of study. In short, I talked very severely to him, and assured him that if he did not have his lessons perfectly on the following day, I should punish him. He went away with his head bowed, and, I thought, in a sulky mood.

The following day came, and with it came the first class in arithmetic. James Shute could do every sum. Luke Weston had not done half of them. When the class came up to spell, James spelled all the words, and gave the definitions promptly; but Luke could not remember them.

So I told Luke Weston that I must punish him; and I stood him out on the floor; and I made a great fool's-cap, and put it upon his head; and there he stood until the school was done. He did not cry; nor did he look particularly ashamed; but he compressed his lips, and looked very ugly. At all events, so I thought at the time. When I relieved him of the fool's-cap, at the close of the school, I told him I hoped he would get his lessons better the next time. He made me no reply, but left the room with a quick, stern step; and went home without stopping to play with his mates.

On the following day Luke did not come to school; and on the day after that I understood that he had gone to learn the shoemaker's trade. I made some little inquiry, and found that he had declared that he would go to school to me no more, if he had to run away; and, as his parents were poor, they had allowed him to go at work in a neighbor's shop.

In time I finished my school, and James Shute bore off the palm of scholarship. Upon him I bestowed the highest encomiums, and held him up to the admiration of visitors.

During the vacation I visited a neighboring State, and found employment there. Then I went South, and finally became engaged as teacher of mathematics in a school in New Orleans. The years slipped by, and still I remained in my new home. One day I received a paper from my native State, and I saw mention made of one Luke Weston, as being the leader of a strong faction in the Legislature. Of course that could not be my Luke—it could not be the one upon whom I had put the fool's-cap. No—it must be another of the same name.

Time passed on, and by and by I read in the papers that Luke Weston had been elected President of the Senate of my native State, and that he was now a powerful leader of a powerful party. Of course this was the same Luke of whom I had before read; but it could not be the same Luke who had worn my fool's-cap. Of course not.

And still time passed on, and I finally read that Luke Weston had been elected to the Senate of the United States; and that he was greatly honored by all who knew him.

In another year I visited the home of my youth; and one of my first inquiries was of Luke Weston. He was a United States Senator. So it was my Luke, after all.

And where was James Shute? He was bookkeeper in a bank, and was accounted a very correct and faithful clerk. He had been there twelve years, and would probably remain there, as he liked the place, and had no particular ambition or qualification above it.

And now, with the silver touch of many years upon my brow, I sit down alone in my study, and reflect upon the past. I see the many, many children who have been under my charge, now grown to be men and women; and I see many of those whom I had thought to be excessively stupid, occupying places of honor and trust; while many whom I had thought wonderful in learning, are plodding along in the ordinary pursuits of life, the lessons of the old school-books all forgotten, and the one idea of food and clothing occupying their whole attention.

And I think, if I could teach school again, how different would be my course; for from my review of the years that have gone I have learned some things of which I was ignorant when I first assumed the rod and staff of the pedagogue.

Different children have different capacities. Many a quick-witted, sharp-minded boy has borne away the prize of scholarship who has not studied half so hard as has the poor fellow who goes weeping to his home because he gained no medal. All minds do not grow alike. Some intellects are precocious, and germinate and go to seed very early. Such ones are apt to be the delight of the pedagogue. And yet, as I call to mind those of like character which have come under my care, I find that they have not been very prolific bearers of mental fruit.

Other intellects are slower in growth. They generally belong to bodies that are growing fast and strong. Such intellects do not grasp easily at mathematical niceties in early youth. They comprehend slowly at first, but surely; and are firm and uncompromising, and are apt to be rather skeptical upon subjects which oppose their intuitions. Such are pretty sure to meet with little charity at the hands of the pedagogue; and yet, as I call to mind those of this latter character which have come within my care, I find them to have grown stronger as they have grown older, and to have been prolific bearers of noble fruit. From this source we derive our original minds, and, also, most of our intellectual giants.

Teachers, seek to understand the CAPACITIES of your scholars before you begin to force the mental food upon them. If you seek to fill them with learning as you would fill barrels with water, you may make some great mistakes. Ten chances to one that you put the fool's-cap upon the broad brow of a Daniel Webster—that you give the position of a dunce to a Christopher Columbus,—while you may set another Bill Shakspeare over among the girls because he looked that way when he ought to have been studying.

Do you understand me?

◆

A BRAVE man is clear in his discourse, and keeps close to the truth.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

EMINENT masters, parties and sects claim truths as theirs, because they have most fully expounded them; but men never make truths: they only recognize the value of this currency of God. They find truths as men sometimes find bills, in the street, and only recognize the value of that which other parties have drawn.

A SINGLE snow-flake—who cares for it? But a whole day of snow-flakes, obliterating the landmarks, drifting over the doors, gathering upon the mountains to crash in avalanches—who does not care for that? Private opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.

IT is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how should he love ten thousand men who never loved one.

IT is needless to have so much care about giving offence. It is inevitable that the good should give offence to the evil, and the evil to the good.

SELFISHNESS is a detestable vice which every man is conscious of in himself, but can never forgive in others.

"IF wishes were horses, beggars might ride," is an old proverb. But we guess Rarey would have to tame them a good deal to prevent neck-breaking.

A YOUNG woman can have no excuse for thinking her lover wiser than he is, for, if there's any nonsense in him, he is sure to talk it to her.

"MY dear lady, your daughter is lovely—a perfect little pearl." "And pray, sir, what am I?" "Oh you are the mother of pearl.

MANY a man is not bad who has got a bad name; and many a one is not a Christian who has a Christian name.

THERE are some great swine in editorial life. Many persons pen paragraphs who should themselves be penned.

A GLOOMY theology is more to be condemned than skepticism, for while this only doubts the true, the other affirms the false.

IF you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

KINGS and authors should be very careful how they treat their subjects.

MAN is the only animal that is doomed to the drudgery of forever carrying pans upon his knees.

MANY persons prefer death to scorn. They dread less the point of a sword than the point of a finger.

IF you think of nothing but life you are unfit for death; if of nothing but death, you are unfit for life.

MAN is God's creation. Everything else is the nursery and nurse of man.

IT is less dangerous to have a prudent enemy than an indiscreet friend.

TO speak to the purpose you must speak with a purpose.

IF time is money, most people have a good deal more money than they know what to do with.

THE majority of the common people seem to think that Shakspeare is "no great *Shakes* after all."

NO man will ever regard you as his dear friend if you make yourself too cheap to him.

THE bachelor has to look out for number *one* the married man for number *two.*

IT is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

THE weak may generally be joked out of anything but their weakness.

POETRY and consumption are the most flattering of diseases.

DISTINCTION is an eminence which is attained but too frequently at the expense of a fireside.

PEOPLE would rather pardon the defects you have, than the affectation of virtues you have not.

MEN of talent are often the captives of beautiful fools.

THE gold-dust and the grave-dust soon mingle.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A COUPLE of Arizonians, one a native-born Mexican and the other a boatman from the Mississippi, who had lived in Arizona about a year, fought a duel on horseback a short time ago, each armed with a lasso. The American, who it was thought would stand no chance in such a novel encounter, except the chance of being strangled, lassoed his foe at the first throw of the noose, and dragged him over the plain at the full speed of his horse, until he was mangled and bruised almost to a jelly

AN Ohio paper states that a number of Mormons, consisting of men, women and children, on their way overland to Utah, were run down by a herd of buffaloes, several of them killed and mortally injured, and others seriously hurt. Their horses, cattle and other live stock were also trampled to death, or so badly hurt as to render it necessary to kill them; and their wagons, furniture and food were rendered useless.

A DIRT-CARTMAN, while racing his horse one day recently through Rivington street, ran over and killed a beautiful little girl, four years of age. The miscreant then whipped up his horse, and tried to escape, but was overtaken by a number of enraged citizens, who took him to a Station House and had him committed.

A COUPLE of laborers got into a fight in Washington street, one night lately, and one of them drew a clasp-knife, and stabbing his antagonist in the side, inflicted a dangerous wound; when the combatants were separated, one being taken to the hospital and the other to prison.

THERE was a terrible fight, a short time ago, between a company of trappers on the upper waters of the Missouri, and a murderous gang of Indians, who attacked the trappers one night in their camp. The savages got the worst of it, and finally sheered off, leaving several of their number dead in the bushes.

ABOUT a dozen boys went in bathing a few days since in the bay off Gowanus, and one of them being seized by the cramp, was drowned. Boys should not go in bathing for at least eight weeks yet, as the water is so cold they cannot do so without danger of serious consequences of some kind or other.

A COUPLE of gentlemen who were out hunting in Western Iowa, were attacked by a huge grizzly bear, but being plucky, they stood their ground, disabled the bear by breaking his left shoulder with their rifle-balls, then reloaded and finished him by putting a couple of balls through his brain.

A MAN living in Avenue A, who was in the habit of training ferocious dogs to fight, got into a combat with one of them himself one morning recently, and was bitten so badly, that he had to be taken to the hospital to have his wounds dressed.

TWO men got into a fight in Elm street, one evening lately, and one drawing a knife, stabbed the other in the side and shoulder, inflicting what it was feared would prove to be fatal wounds. The stabber was taken to the Tombs.

A MAN was taken into a Brooklyn Station House the other evening in a state of helpless intoxication, and died in a few hours. He was a stranger, but from papers on his person it was found that his name was Andrew Reid.

A POOR woman living in Avenue B accidentally killed her little daughter, some five years of age, one night recently, by upsetting a large boiler of hot water upon her. The child lived only about half an hour afterwards, and died in excruciating agony.

IT is said to have become a common thing in Italy to christen male children Garibaldi Kossuth, while in Hungary patriotic parents name their boys Kossuth Garibaldi; and Italian mothers have their infants of the gentler sex christened Garibaldina.

A GOOD-LOOKING, well-dressed woman has been doing a lucrative business in this city lately by exchanging counterfeit notes for dry goods at various establishments where the cashier's knowledge of bank bills was limited.

THE bodies of two unknown men were found in the East river, one morning recently, who seemed to have been drowned but a few hours before. No clue could be obtained as to the cause of the strangers' fate.

THREE French sailors, belonging to a Marseilles vessel lying in this port, got into a row the other night with a number of "roughs" in South street, and were badly beaten; and one of them was stabbed.

AN infant, one year old, whose parents reside in Morton street, fell into a tub of hot water the other morning, and was scalded to death.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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TIPPLING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The statistics of modern drunkenness are sufficiently appalling; but the world of to-day is nevertheless a soberer world than that of two hundred years ago. In the seventeenth century sermons were preached in Great Britain and Germany in praise of wine, and many of the clergy of that era encouraged convivial drinking, both by precept and example. The fox-hunting, wine-bibbing English squirearchy selected their domestic chaplains not for their piety, but for their bacchanalian qualities; and a seasoned vessel that could put three or four bottles under his cassock, sing a loose song and tell an indecent story, was pretty sure of private patronage, if not of church preferment. Fielding's Newgate clergyman, who considered himself authorized to drink punch *ad libitum*, because the use of it was not prohibited in the scriptures, is scarcely an exaggerated portrait of a considerable portion of "the cloth" in his day. Some three or four generations back a bishop of Treves—a prelate of no small renown for his eloquence and, for aught we know, for his piety—counselled *moderate* drinking in a discourse which has come down to us as a precious legacy from the "good old times." That pillar of the church urged the use of wine as a *duty*. His ideas on the subject are pleasantly expressed in the following extract from his exhortation:

> "There is doubtless none of my male hearers who cannot drink his four bottles without affecting his brain. Let him, however,—if by the fifth or sixth bottle he no longer knoweth his own wife, if he kick and beat his children, and look on his dearest friend as an enemy—refrain from an excess displeasing to God and man. But whoever, after drinking his ten or twelve bottles, retains his senses sufficiently to support his tottering neighbor, or manage his household affairs, or execute the commands of his temporal and spiritual superiors, let him take his share quietly, and be thankful for his talent. Still, let him be cautious how he exceed this; for man is weak and his power limited. It is but seldom our kind Creator extends to any one the grace to be able to drink safely *sixteen* bottles, of which privilege he hath held me, the meanest of his servants, to be worthy. My pious hearers, take each your allotted portion; and, to avoid all excess, follow the precept of St. Peter, 'Try all and stick by the best.'"

All ministers of the gospel in our day at least *preach* temperance, and if a black sheep is now and then detected in the clerical flock, he is promptly branded before the world, and loses caste for ever, not only as a clergyman, but as a citizen.

In Saxony, less than two centuries ago, ebriety was the social rule, sobriety the rare exception. Deadly brawls in taverns, murderous feuds in the family circle, and fierce battles in the streets between considerable bodies of armed drunkards, were affairs of daily occurrence. At the time of closing the gates of cities at night, crowds of furious bacchanals, on their way to their homes in the suburbs were met by reeling swarms from the outskirts, returning to town, and in the mad and motiveless conflicts that ensued between them, numbers were killed and wounded. Nobody interfered or thought of interfering; in fact, if we are to believe the chronicles of the day, every body was more or less under the influence of intoxicating drinks. It was the same in Bohemia, or even worse, and in "merrie England" troops of drunken "young bloods" were accustomed to range the streets of London after nightfall, committing the most horrible outrages upon men, women and children.

Times have changed since then. Clergymen do not go reeling to the pulpit, the altar, and the churchyard, as was frequently the case in the reign of Queen Anne of drunken memory; neither is the capacity to see a whole company under the table considered a desirable qualification in a son-in-law, as it was by brutal country squires in England, scarcely more than a century ago. The morals of the world improve—not so fast perhaps as good men wish, but they *do* improve. "Modern degeneracy" is a pretty phrase, but there is no warrant for its employment.

LITERATURE AND DIVINITY ON THE ROAD

Horseback exercise, or driving, is just the thing for the man who gets his living with his brains. Since the new taste arose for this kind of recreation, four or five years ago, several editors, authors, and clergymen of this city have been daily seen riding or driving on the road or in the Park. As a general rule, the equestrians do not ride very gracefully. Some of them bear a striking resemblance, when on horseback, to the figure of Mr. Ichabod Crane, and there are two or three who remind some irreverent passers-by of parson Yorick, in Tristam Shandy. It must be admitted, however, that at least three members of the New York press, and one well-known clergyman, are capital riders, sitting their horses as though they were part of the animal. The same difference in skill and grace is observable in those who drive their single or double teams. But graceful or ungraceful, they all feel the value of their daily ride or drive, as much as their improved appearance shows it. One or two there are among them who would have penned their last article ere now, but for such daily exercise in the open air; others, from being bent and sallow, have grown erect and fresh complexioned; all have gained in health, weight and capacity to endure hard work.

The old plan was for a writer or a clergyman to wear himself down to such a point of nervous imbecility, as to render a voyage and a tour in Europe absolutely necessary to the preservation of his life. He was compelled to give up all employment, leave his business, and be absent for several months; only to return and begin again the work of self-destruction. A daily ride or drive of two hours duration, costs, say five hundred dollars a year; with management and combination with others, it can be done for half the money; or it may be made to cost ten times that sum. A six months' tour in Europe costs one of our extravagant countrymen, who *must* always travel in the tip-top style, at the tip-top price, about fifteen hundred dollars. So that, really, the "on the road" system is the cheapest, besides being in every other respect better.

It is folly and sin to let the bodily powers exhaust themselves. A man should use daily the strength which the day brings with it; and no more. He who does not observe this rule, is like one who has an income of a thousand dollars a year, and spends twelve hundred and fifty. The result is constant anxiety and final collapse. We all agree that it is wrong for a man to live beyond his income; yet few feel the wickedness of consuming in a day the mental force designed to last a day and a quarter. An English professor said, recently, that for some weeks before his last vacation, he was so exhausted by excessive mental labor that the mere reading of a newspaper almost crazed him, and he was, at length, nearly incapable of folding and directing a letter. He mentions this without shame, and, probably, has never viewed it in the light of a fault. Perhaps he even considers it an evidence of praiseworthy zeal and diligence. Yet this very man would consider it dishonest to anticipate his pecuniary resources to anything like the extent to which he has mortgaged his future supplies of nervous and mental strength. How imperfect the current morality!

Let us be sure of this: whatever diminishes a man's enduring or physical power, we may *call* culture, education, refinement, or any other fine name that pleases us; but it is *not* culture, or education, or refinement; it is effeminacy.

OUR CITY FLORA.

Spring is garlanding the up-town mansions. The early flowering creepers that festoon the brown stone and marble façades of Fifth Avenue, Fourteenth street, Washington Square, and other fashionable precincts, are bursting into purple, white, and yellow blossoms, and our merchants, after toiling all day among the unsavory scents of the lower city, are met at their own doors by the sweet breath of flowers. The conservatories of the florists emit clouds of perfume through their open sashes, and portable parterres of hyacinths, stocks, wall flowers, roses, geraniums, &c., bloom from hundreds of pots and tubs and boxes at the many little flower markets established at street corners and in basements along the line of Broadway. The windows of the great confectionaries are heaped with fragrant and beautiful bouquets, and the steps of the principal hotels are occupied by dozens of itinerant flower-merchants, whose nosegays find a ready sale among the wayfarers. An immense impetus has been given to the bouquet business in this city during the last three or four years, and such nosegays as were formerly sold for fifty cents, may now be bought for a couple of dimes. The display this Spring is beyond all precedent, and it imparts to the fashionable thoroughfares a most refreshing and cheerful aspect. The artificial Flora of the metropolis is also singularly beautiful this season. Never have the milliners done their blossoming more exquisitely. Nor have they confined themselves to leaves and flowers. The early fruits, birds, bees and butterflies figure prominently in their embellishments; and strawberries, cherries, currants, &c., round which humming-birds and dazzling insects seem to flutter, adorn the bonnets of our belles. The fashionable churches on Sundays are as gay as a horticultural fair.

Meanwhile, Central Park looks green and May-like, and the labyrinth of the "Ramble" is starred with early flowers.

A DELUDED YOUNG MAN.

The other day we heard a dissipated-looking young man remark to a comrade, whom he was evidently trying to seduce from the path of honesty, "But then, you know, we fellows all stand by each other when the pinch comes. There's comfort in *that!*" Never was any foolish young man more deluded. When the wicked entice a fellow-being to ruin, *they leave him to bear it alone.* They are strong to corrupt, but heartless to sustain their victim. They will go with him as long as he can afford them any pleasure or profit, but when he can no longer help himself or them they will leave him to perish. When at last death gnaws at his bones and knocks at his heart; when worn out and sinking to the grave, his courage wasted, his hope gone, and purity and peace departed, his wicked companions will flee from him as from a pestilence. What reveller wears crape for a dead drunkard? What crew of gamblers ever forbore a game for the death of a companion, or went on missions of relief to broken-down victims? Let no young man who is tempted to choose his companions among the vicious and the vile, delude himself with the hope that they will "stand by" him in the hour of extremity. In that hour if the virtuous do not pity him, or God compassionate, he is without a friend in the universe.

POCKET PISTOLS.

The opinion is common, that when a man is to endure unaccustomed exposure and fatigue, he ought by all means to have a brandy flask in his breast pocket. We firmly believe this to be an error. If any one will try the experiment fairly, he will discover that about the worst thing a hunter or a soldier can carry with him on an excursion or a campaign, is spiritous liquor. True, a tired man feels refreshed after a suck at his pocket pistol, but that kind of strength *don't last*; in fifteen minutes he is more exhausted than before. And as to taking cold, there is no creature so certain to take cold, and so liable to be laid up with rheumatism, as a man who is constantly applying his lips to a flask of liquor. No: the man who is going to sleep out of doors, march in the rain, go without his dinner, and suffer all sorts of privation and fatigue, should be a downright tetotaller! We have heard an old soldier say, that when men are bivouacking in the mud, a large drink of cold water is the very best preventive against cold and rheumatism that is known. Besides—if you begin with liquor, you must keep it up. When your pocket-pistol is empty, your life and spirit are gone.

LAZY PEOPLE.

There is an old proverb that "the lame and the lazy are always provided for." There is more truth than poetry in this, especially with regard to the latter class. All of us must have seen instances of this kind, which have come across us with a most disheartening effect, just at some period, perhaps, when we were conscious of having made industrious and persistent effort for daily bread and butter, without hope of success. And yet, after all, the least spark of true manhood or self-respect would be kindled into a brighter flame at the very thought of changing places with a person so wholly devoid of these qualities as to live at ease under such obligations. A more pitiable creature could hardly be imagined, though all may *seem* to go well with him for the time. A day will come to such, when the retrospect will be ashes and wormwood; it will come, too, when their steps are past retracing, and nothing is left but a dishonored old age.

HOW A BRAVE MAN SAVED A CITY.

The following incident, which is related by an eye-witness of the scenes described, most happily illustrates the power possessed by a single individual of a determined will, in whom are combined coolness, judgment, and fearlessness of danger, over an unorganized mob of savages, thirsting for blood, and, in their blind fury, reckless of consequences.

The sixteenth of August, 1812, was a day that will be long remembered by the people of Detroit, for it was on that day that the old and imbecile Hull, in his capacity of Governor of the Michigan Territory, shamefully surrendered this important post, then garrisoned by two thousand brave and efficient troops, to the British and Indians.

No sooner had the articles of capitulation been signed, than the enemy crossed the river from Malden and took possession of the place, followed by a rabble of vile camp followers, and all the savages that for some weeks had been attached to the English camp. Of course the citizens were thrown into the utmost dismay at the sight of the painted Indians swarming their streets, and the knowledge that they might at any hour, when maddened by whiskey, and encouraged by their no less savage allies among the whites, make an indiscriminate plunder of the town. But the influence of the British general for some days was sufficient to keep them from acts of open violence, and by degrees the townspeople became accustomed to their presence, and strove, by all means in their power, to ingratiate themselves into the good graces of their captors.

When the news of the surrender reached the tribes of the south-west, they gathered from far and near, and poured down upon the frontier, to share in the plunder which, in consideration of their being allies of the British, they deemed themselves justly entitled to. Detroit was filled and surrounded with savages, and the town became a scene of drunken orgies and terror, which the English were altogether unable to control. Scarcely an hour passed without an act of violence upon the unprotected citizens, and night was rendered sleepless by the fierce yells and whoops of these drunken fiends.

One day during this fearful period, a small party of Indians, restless for want of plunder and scalps, went to a store kept by a Frenchman named De Quindre, and two of them entered, with the pretence that they wished to purchase something, while their comrades remained without. There were lying on the counter several pieces of cloth. The Indians seeing them, each snatched a roll, and turned to leave the place. De Quindre called to them to stop, as they had not paid for the goods. But the savages were passing out of the door, to rejoin their laughing companions, with the cloth under their arms, when the Frenchman, leaping over his counter, jerked the goods from them, and being a powerful man, pitched the two Indians upon their faces into the street.

Instantly the warwhoop was raised by the party, which was replied to from all parts of the town, and the savages, drawing their knives, made a rush upon the imprudent storekeeper. But the latter, immediately perceiving the terrible storm he had incautiously invoked, sprang back again to his store, and locking the door, ran into an upper room, from which, by a window, he made his escape, and ran through a back alley out upon the common, and on to the fort, where he begged the British commanding officer to protect himself and property from destruction. But the commandant could and would do nothing, although he saw that the Indians would probably massacre the entire population if they once got a going, under such a state of excitement.

"It is not my property alone that is in danger from their violence," persisted the Frenchman, "but the lives of the entire population is in the hands of the savages, and unless you exert your authority to quiet them, our streets will flow with blood!"

"I'm sorry for you, sir," cooly replied the Briton, "but the truth is, my troops are too few in number to control the warriors, and I can do nothing for you?"

De Quindre therefore abruptly left the fort, and ran to the quarters of Colonel McKee, then the British agent, who he knew was not only popular among the savages, but had always exerted over them unbounded influence.

On his way he could see that the Indians were gathering in hundreds from every direction, armed with war-clubs and tomahawks, prepared for a general massacre of the inhabitants; while their fierce war cries were ringing with piercing tones upon the air. A mob of at least a thousand of the painted demons had assembled in front of his house, and were demolishing his doors and windows, while his goods were being thrown out to the crowd waiting impatiently for the owner to be dragged forth, and delivered to their murderous knives.

This sight gave fleetness to his feet, and rushing into the colonel's quarters, he found that officer, to whom he briefly, and as distinctly as his excitement would permit, related what had occurred, and begged him to interfere, if possible, and prevent the threatened massacre.

McKee, well versed in the Indian character, instantly perceived the imminent danger that menaced the place, and requesting De Quindre to remain where he was, lest the Indians, so greatly exasperated against him, might kill him, hastened to the scene of excitement.

He was a tall, straight, athletic, noble-looking man, with a voice like thunder, and from his long intercourse with the Indians of the frontier, had an intimate knowledge of their language. Pushing his way through the savages, now excited to madness at not finding the Frenchman, he mounted to the top of a low building, waved his sword, and in loud tones shouted:

"Ho! who are the *cowards* in this crowd?"

The sound of his well-known voice arrested the attention of the yelling rabble, and after a brief silence, one of the Indians replied:

"There are no *cowards* here! We are all braves!"

"*It's a lie!*" returned the colonel, stamping with pretended rage. "I tell you, warriors, there are *cowards, craven cowards* among you!"

This insulting accusation was received with astonishment by the Indians at first, and then they turned toward the bold man who had dared to utter it, with eyes burning with passion, and a yell of defiance broke simultaneously from them. But, without moving a muscle, the courageous agent met their fiery glances unquailed. He had changed the tide of feeling, and thus far had gained a very important point.

"I repeat it," continued the colonel, straightening his tall, commanding figure to its utmost stretch: "there are *cowards*, sneaking wolves, in this crowd, that I am ashamed to see among my brave Indians! Now, let my brave warriors separate themselves from them, and stand on this side of the path, while the cowards remain about the Frenchman's doors—they are welcome to plunder his worthless goods!"

The powerful voice of the white man now struck upon the ears of the savages with an electric effect, and once more a revulsion of feeling took place among them. The tempest of angry passion was instantly subdued, and their loud yells sank to low murmurs, while the entire mass, as if impelled by one common sentiment, moved together to the other side of the street, and raising their faces to where the brave officer was standing, seemed to await his further orders.

"That is well, my friends!" cried he. "Now let every *brave* man follow me. The *cowards* may remain behind and secure their plunder."

So saying, the colonel descended from his elevated position, and then led them to the common beyond the town, where mounting a stump, he detained them with a good-natured harangue, while he sent off to the Commissary's store for a barrel of whiskey. When it arrived, he invited the Indians to drink. The barrel was soon emptied, and another, and another still, were sent for, till under the mellowing influence of the strong waters the fiery warriors forgot their late excitement, and by the prompt and determined action of this brave white man restrained from further violence. Throughout the following night, however, there were frequently heard, amid the drunken sounds, the threatening words of "fire, blood, scalps, and plunder."

But Colonel McKee had provided against further trouble from the discontented spirits among the Indians, by selecting the *sober* warriors, and despatching two to each of the dwellings of the citizens who had been most strongly threatened. These fellows, wrapping themselves in their blankets, stretched themselves on the front door-steps as a guard to protect the inmates from any sudden outbreak of savage fury.

Thus the energetic conduct of this brave officer, on that critical occasion, saved the city of Detroit from the torch of the savages, and its people from indiscriminate slaughter. In a great crisis, one brave and clear-headed man is worth many timid statesmen or cowardly rhetoricians.

THE "IRON DUKE" AND THE "CONNAUGHT BOYS."

During the Peninsular war an Irish regiment from Connaught became notorious for the unscrupulous manner in which they plundered the inhabitants of Portugal and Spain wherever the British army marched or encamped, but were also distinguished for their pluck. Wellington at last became so exasperated by their lawless conduct that he had the regiment paraded for the purpose of striking them with terror by having every tenth man shot. Before giving such a bloody order, however, he wished to state his reasons for it, and began to address the regiment thus: "You are thieves, robbers, cut-throats, vagabonds—everything but *cowards.*" This compliment to their courage, although at the expense of every other virtue, so pleased the regiment that they at once gave three cheers with such a burst of enthusiasm as quite overwhelmed the Iron Duke, and looking at them a moment in silence, he turned his horse and rode away without saying another word.

A few weeks afterwards, in a battle on which the fate of the campaign depended, it became necessary to dislodge a large body of French troops from a strong position on an eminence, and the perilous job was entrusted to the Connaught regiment. On receiving the order to charge, they rushed up the hill in the face of a terrible fire, sprang like tigers upon the foe, swept them across the high table land, and drove them down the declivity into the river Tagus. As they were hurling the heavy masses of the French down the hill, the manœuvres of the army brought Wellington near, and catching sight of him, the regiment yelled as with one voice, "*What think ye of the Connaught boys now?*" The Duke replied by lifting his hat, and from that day he looked with grim leniency upon the foibles of a "Connaught boy."

NEWSPAPER INJUSTICE.

Impulsive and over-credulous editors sometimes unwittingly do a great deal of mischief, by giving currency to statements which have no foundation in fact. In times of public excitement especially, injustice is often done to the conduct and motives of trustworthy and high-minded men, by journals whose conductors are in the habit of jumping to conclusions from insufficient and *ex parte* premises. Such abuses of the true purposes of the press bring discredit upon journalism, and even the most elaborate apologies and regrets but poorly atone for the wrong done to the aggrieved. The editor of a newspaper professing to be a veracious chronicle of events, has no right to be indiscreet in his assertions or admissions in relation to the sayings and doings of persons occupying places of authority and trust. Mere reports and suppositions ought not to be made the basis of charges or even of inferences derogatory to their characters, and, in fact, there is something essentially cowardly as well as unjust in an influential journal opening with its ten thousand tongues upon the trail of an individual, with no other excuse for its clamor than the view halloo of Prejudice and Rumor. The immense influence wielded by a prominent newspaper as compared to that of any one whom it may choose to assail—the enormous wrong it may do the object of its denunciations by groundless attacks upon his honor, his capacity, or his courage—should deter all men who have the control of public presses from breathing a syllable to the disparagement of any citizen, except upon the warrant of positive and conclusive proof. A power so mighty for good or evil as that possessed by the newspaper press should be used magnanimously and cautiously. Otherwise the liberty of the press degenerates into license, and shame is brought upon an honorable profession.

DANDIES.

The dandy is almost extinct. One seldom sees a specimen of the genus now-a-days. In fact, nothing of that monkeyfied variety of the human race, as it flourished in the days of Beau Nash and Beau Brummell, is to be found at present in any part of Christendom. To be sure, one now and then encounters an over-dressed fellow, "smelling of musk and insolence," ringed and chained and brooched with "take-your-choice" trinketry, and rejoicing in winglet whiskers and drake-tail moustache, but nobody mistakes him for a gentleman. If you notice such a "guy" picking his teeth on the steps of a hotel, or swaggering along Broadway, you set him down as a blackleg, a bruiser, an emigrant runner, or something of that sort. The drawling, effeminate, supercilious thing, that never rose from its bed before noon, lest the world should not be well aired, and objected to sitting in a room with a damp stranger from fear of catching cold, is obsolete. It is twenty years since we saw a sample of the tribe.

ELECTRIC MOMENTS.

It is only in a great crisis, that one becomes fully aware of the omnipotence of popular opinion. When the hearts of thousands beat as one; when the eye of woman flashes with a light that for the moment seems almost unbefitting her gentle sweetness; when children's parrot voices echo sounds, that come strangely enough from unconscious dewy lips; when men talk in groups, with low, earnest voices, and quick, nervous grasps of the hand; and at every unusual stir, a thousand pulses leap, and cheeks pale and redden with conflicting emotion; it is only at *such* a time, that one can *fully* realize the moral sublimity of popular opinion. Fanny Fern.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.---No. 86.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

One born to railroads and telegraphs will never know the contrast and ever-recurring surprise with which old travellers look upon modern locomotion. Once, a journey to Pittsburg was a task so serious that one entered upon it with all the seriousness of a campaign. It was a full week's work. Now, you leave New York at seven in the morning, and by a little past midnight you are at Pittsburg!

The Pennsylvania Central Road is an admirable one. I have seldom ridden as many miles so comfortably. The scenery is fine, and, after leaving Altoona, it is wild and Alpine. But the great feature in Pennsylvania, next to her mountains, are her barns. What castles are on the Rhine, and chateaux in France, are the barns to Pennsylvania. Vast and conspicuous, they loom up from every quarter. Nothing gives one an idea of prosperity in farming so much as a system of yards, out-buildings, and barns. As wheat is largely raised, and the straw is cast out after threshing, and stacked up in vast irregular heaps, from which the cattle pull out at will, the yards become prairies of straw. The barns are many stories high, with windows in profusion, and, in some of the finest, with green blinds. Often, the windows are long, running the whole height, and indistinguishable from church windows. Thus one imagines himself coming to some gigantic church, until the near approach reveals the sheep, the pigs, the cattle, and other properties of the place. In ludicrous contrast stand the farmers' houses. Little, contracted, dirty, and disagreeable, they make one pity the farmer and envy his horses. In many cases *whitewash* is used instead of paint. As the weather soon affects this, it becomes dingy, streaked, and dirty. Yet, unmistakable signs of thrift surround these ill-conditioned dwellings. Gardens are small. Orchards not so frequent or large as one might expect. But the wheat-fields and grass roll up over the hills in a beauty that make one in love with farming. The introduction of machines for drilling, reaping, and threshing have made the labor of man less onerous than hitherto. Now a man may be a farmer, and ride in his machine, if not in his coach! I am delighted with this wonderful State of Pennsylvania. Its resources are incredible. Rich and developed as it is, it is plain that scarcely a beginning is yet made. One can hardly trust his calculations for the future, so apparently extravagant do they seem. And yet, it is soberly true, that the most sanguine calculations will be far behind the facts, when the day shall come that industry, capital, and skill shall have brought this State to even the half of her treasures! One such State has the capacity of an empire. The common school system of Pennsylvania is silently working a complete revolution in her midst. It is well organized, and every year is becoming more efficient. There is great earnestness and *esprit du corps* in the teachers of Pennsylvania. Many old counties, famous for stolid obstinacy, are now, through the new generation, advancing. One crop of children being educated, the face of a State is changed! This is the true American method. Go back to the Brain. The Head is the rudder of the World. Work aright on the brain, and you see the results, in the machine shop, in the barn, on the farm, everywhere!

The School House is mightier than the State House. Give me a trinity of institutions, the Family, the School, and the Church, and I do not care who has all the rest of the State. Pennsylvania has rich soil, inexhaustible mines, sturdy population. But her schools and churches are worth more than everything else.

BELOVED ONE, I WOULD NOT WISH.

Beloved one, I would not wish
  To woo thee back to earth,
For thorns unnumbered and untold,
  Spring daily into birth;
And if I had the magic power
  To fill each frozen vein,
I would not, love, recall thee back
  To this dark world again,
For well I know with angel hosts,
  Where pain and sorrow cease,
Thou art now revelling in the bliss
  Of endless love and peace.

I mourn thee, love, but yet I feel
  That thou art with me still;
Thy spirit, though to me unseen,
  Is guarding me from ill;
And in my dreams I hear a voice
  Strike on my listening ear,
And deem within my visions that
  Thy angel form is near;
Then, oh, beloved one, I'll strive
  To meet thee on that shore
Where sorrow's footsteps are unknown,
  And death shall come no more.

Finley Johnson.

SPRING TIME.

We confess to a delirious pleasure when the season warrants open windows. All the long winter, and it always *is* long to us, albeit we make it a matter of conscience to live out of doors as much as possible, as all scribblers should who value a clear head; still—the winter months even at that—pass at a dead march. We always feel gaspingly like raising the roof off our heads, every time we exchange the clear frosty air for a furnace-heated house; where one's head burns and throbs, while one's back shivers. Blessed be the season for open windows we say! To be sure, the sonorous rag and fish men send us flying off our chair in a tangent occasionally, with their prolonged howls; but our breathing, at least, is not suspended, nor do we feel, as in winter, like a caged creature, beating out its life against relentless bars. We forgive every body in spring, and shake hands with universal human nature—the new grass charms the eye as much as if we were looking at the very first blade that ever grew; and the violets and the roses we will match against any in Eden. No sky was ever bluer, say what they will of "foreign lands;" where if a good Providence ever sends us in the capacity of tourist, we trust to preserve our senses during the trip, and our preference for home after our return. But this is a digression; there *are* days when it is simply blessing enough to be alive; when every pulse and sense is brimming with enjoyment; when the gypsy element is uppermost, and gloves, bonnets and roofs are superfluous. When one thinks of the fragrant beds of pine branches, and moss, one has seen in summer tours in the woods, with an old shawl for a curtain, through the rents of which the little birds flew—sang their matin song and away—and the squirrels peeped in for a stray crumb of breakfast, and the kettle hung outside on two cross-sticks, suggesting impromptu breakfasts. Of course this arrangement would not be so pleasant in a driving easterly storm, but who is talking about easterly storms? Can't one enjoy sunshine while it lasts? Of course, a house over one's head is a very good thing in its way; we have seen the time when we thought so; but as we said before, the roof is occasionally superfluous, and insurances, and taxes, and things, are nuisances unknown to gipsies. Fanny Fern.

EGO AND ECHO:

A PHANTASY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

I asked of Echo, 'tother day,
  (Whose words are few and often funny)
What, to a novice, she could say
  Of courtship, love and matrimony?
  Quoth Echo, plainly:—"*Matter-o' money!*"

II.

Whom should I marry?—should it be
  A dashing damsel, gay and pert,—
A pattern of inconstancy;
  Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
  Quoth Echo, sharply:—"*Nary flirt!*"

III.

What if,—aweary of the strife
  That long has lured the dear deceiver,—
She promise to amend her life,
  And sin no more; can I believe her?
  Quoth Echo, with decision:—"*Leave her!*"

IV.

But if some maiden with a heart,
  On me should venture to bestow it;
Pray, should I act the wiser part
  To take the treasure; or forego it?
  Quoth Echo, very promptly:—"*Go it!*"

V.

But what if, seemingly afraid
  To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vow she means to die a maid,—
  In answer to my loving letter?
  Quoth Echo, rather coolly:—"*Let her!*"

VI.

What if, in spite of her disdain,
  I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear delicious chain,
  So closely that I can't get out?
  Quoth Echo, laughingly:—"*Get out!*"

VII.

But if some maid with beauty blest;
  As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest,
  Till envious Death shall overtake her?—
  Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*):—"*Take her!*"

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "PRISONER OF THE BORDER," "BELL BRANDON," "THE VAN VELDENS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Let not the reader, who has thus far followed the fortunes of the discarded child and his few faithful friends, anticipate here a narrative of the wearisome details of that trial at law, which was commenced on the morning succeeding Evelyn's flight, and which dragged its slow length along through several days. Yet a few scenes from that judicial drama will require to be depicted.

The crowded court room, the attentive judge, the imposing array of counsel, the bustle of preparation, subsiding into the hush of general attention—the rattling of briefs perused for the twentieth time, and the rustling pages of "reports" examined with avidity, all betokened that a cause of general and unusual interest was about to be begun.

Blass was in his glory. He was one of a triple team of lawyers appearing for the defence, of which Mr. Bight and a ponderous, heavy-browed, Websterian looking man formed the other members. Bight was to examine the witnesses, while the heavy man was to take notes, argue law questions to the court, and "sum up" the case if it ever went to the jury at all, which Simon confidently predicted it never would.

Not that these three formed the whole of Mrs. Sitterly's legal force. They were but the advanced guard, so to speak, and were all that she deemed it advisable to have take an active part in the suit.

As many more, who were seated within the bar, apparently indifferent spectators of the trial, had accepted retainers from the great lady, and were expected to suggest to their more active colleagues any valuable hints which might occur to them.

Seth knew or suspected all this; he knew that the senior counsel for the defence was a very Goliath of the bar, and he felt like a stripling in his presence, yet he was not without hope that a few smooth stones from the well of truth might overcome the giant with whom he had to contend.

Not that he stood alone against such odds, for Mr. Silby had volunteered his valuable assistance, and he might be considered as holding a rank in the profession next to his distinguished opponent.

What Seth himself could do was as yet problematical. It was known among his professional brethren that he was to "open" the great cause to the jury, and as his appearacce to-day was regarded in some respects as his *debut*, much curiosity was evinced to hear him. Blass and Bight predicted his failure, but others who saw the expression of his fine face, as he dallied with his books and papers a few minutes before rising, anticipated a different result.

They were not mistaken. His speech, only lucid and perspicuous at first, soon grew into one of such extraordinary force and brilliancy as to cause a marked sensation throughout the learned circle within the bar, and an irrepressible manifestation of applause from the crowd of spectators.

Thrice the stentorian crier was obliged to call for silence, and wave his official *baton* over the heads of a refractory audience, yet still the applause went on in significant pantomime. The judge seemed disposed to be lenient in enforcing the rules of order upon the excited listeners, who had such good cause for their plaudits.

The address was necessarily brief, being professedly only a statement of the object of the suit, and the facts which the plaintiff expected to prove, and when, at the end of twenty minutes, and after a peroration of great power, the young man sat down, his experienced colleague impulsively grasped his hand, and whispered, amidst the tumult of applause which again burst forth—

"*Your* laurels are won, whatever may be the result of the suit."

Mrs. Sitterly was not in attendance, but she was represented by her husband, who winced not a little under the unexpected charge of the enemy, and began to feel ashamed of the exceedingly contemptuous treatment which he had once bestowed upon this prospective Cicero.

But he and Mr. Blass tried hard to seem not to perceive any force in the terse and telling oration of Seth. While others *bravoed*, they exchanged winks and smiles of affected derision.

If they had been listening to the best joke of the season, they could not have been seemingly more merry.

"Sophomoric," whispered Sitterly.

"Ya—as; he's got it by rote, and practiced it before the looking-glass."

But the Websterian man did not join in these taunts, or reply to them when appealed to, excepting by elevating his heavy eyebrows, and wrinkling his massive forehead, which, at the best, was an ambiguous response.

Was it a triumph for Seth? Ah, was it not? Had he not seen, almost at the moment of rising, (and he had deferred that moment, under various pretexts, as long as possible,) had he not seen a little coterie of his witnesses enter the court room, marshalled by his own father? Had he not recognized, though heavily vailed, the lithe form and graceful movement of his beloved Evelyn? Was not the inspiration of her presence upon him? Did it not flash from his eye, thunder in his voice, animate every gesture, and enliven his whole soul to the outpouring of that resistless flood of eloquence, the echoes of which, long after he sat down, seemed to vibrate on the ear, making discord of all other sounds?

Evelyn wept tears of exultation, and the happy father, equally elated, indulged in glowing visions of a brilliant professional career for his beloved son.

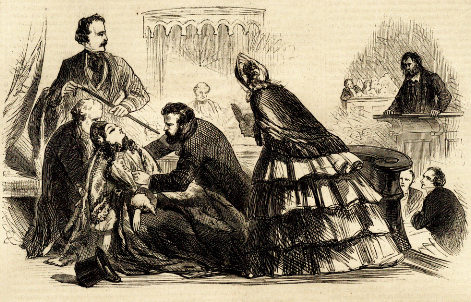
But the more serious business of the day was at hand, and it was inaugurated by calling as the first witness for the plaintiff, *Evelyn Sitterly.*

The fact that the late Hugh Harlow had left a son named Herbert, who had lived to the age of six years, had by Mrs. Sitterly's directions been admitted by her counsel, who said that she wished the present suit (baseless as it was) to be tried exclusively on its merits.

Their client (the heavy counsel said) was too magnanimous to put the plaintiffs to the trouble, as she might easily do, of a technical proof of this fact.

The question, whether young Harlow was yet alive, and was the individual who, "by his next friend," had brought this suit, and who now sat within the bar beside Seth and Mr. Silby, curiously watching the proceedings, was the only issue on which any evidence was to be offered.

But Evelyn's testimony was not admitted without opposition. Vailed in law Latin, that it might not grate harshly upon the ear of the fair girl, the objection was made that she was not of sound mind, and was therefore not a competent witness; and proof to this point was offered to be produced. But after much solid and prosy argument, it was decided, or agreed, that her story should be heard, and that the defendant should be allowed to introduce evidence on the subject of her alleged imbecility, at a subsequent stage of the proceedings.



AN UNSUMMONED WITNESS.

Miss Sitterly took the witness stand with much trepidation, but she soon recovered her equanimity, and gave her testimony with great distinctness and effect.

The cross-examination by Mr. Bight was very long and ingenious, for this branch of the business was Bight's *forte*, and few men could mystify a witness with more facility. But Evelyn had been forewarned, and she foiled him at every turn, until, fairly out of breath, he told the young lady she might stand aside.

The witnesses who succeeded were some whom Seth had looked up with great difficulty, and who all testified with considerable positiveness to their belief in the genuineness of the little heir, who sat before them. They were several former neighbors of Mrs. Sitterly, one discharged servant girl, and the old coachman Jack, who was very decided in his opinion, and said he rather thought "the colonel and the major" would both know the boy, if they should see him.

"The colonel and the major? Who are they?" asked Bight, a little puzzled.

"Dem is de carriage *hosses*, sar. Dat boy used to offen come to see 'em harnessed, and ride from de barn to de house."

"Oh, yes; well, I dare say we shall have them on the stand presently," said Bight. "I have no doubt they would be quite as valuable witnesses as you. You can stand aside."

Mrs. Smyth, late Mrs. Weldover, was next called, and after much bridling and simpering on the stand, she succeeded in answering Seth's questions, and fully identifying Herbert as the *protégé* of her former husband. That he had been brought by Doctor Weldover from some hospital, when he was about six years old, she testified on information; but what his name was she could not say, only she was sure it was not Edward Weldover.

"Was his Christian name Edward?"

"No, sir, it was not."

"Can you tell me what it was?"

"I cannot. I do not think it was a common name; and since I have heard him called Herbert so often lately, it seems to me——"

"Oh, no matter, no matter," said Bight, and she was dismissed, without even the compliment of a cross-examination, the defendant's counsel affecting to treat her testimony as of no value.

Some teachers from the academy at which Herbert had been placed, were next produced, who identified the plaintiff as the boy whom Doctor Weldover had placed in their institution, and who there bore the name of Edward Weldover.

"Lynde finds it very easy to prove that the boy is somebody else," whispered Blass to Frederick. "He'll save us the trouble."

"Ya—as, he'll break down in a little while longer, without our help."

"Of course he will."

Before the court adjourned for the day, the plaintiff "rested," by agreement, with the privilege of introducing a few more witnesses after the defence had given in their testimony.

Yet Aunt Ally had not been called, and what was more, Seth told Evelyn that he thought he should not introduce her as a witness at all. What the reason was, he did not say, other than that she had most earnestly begged that she might not be made to testify.

Miss Sitterly, at the close of the day's proceedings, consented to go quietly home with her father, on condition that she should be permitted to attend Court daily during the remainder of the trial; and that she should be allowed free consultation with Mr. Lynde and Herbert while there.

Her own testimony having been given, there was no objection to this course, which, in some respects, was a source of great relief to her.

CHAPTER XL.

The second day of the trial was one of anticipated triumph by Mrs. Sitterly, who, for the first time made her appearance in court, attended by quite a train of female friends. Convenient seats had been reserved for them, and their *entrée* created no little sensation.

The case was opened for the defence by Mr. Bight, in a very loud, very flippant, and a very bullying speech, in which he frequently stopped for applause, which he was certain nothing but the rules of the court prevented his receiving.

Mr. Bight assured the jury that they would not have their patience long tried in arriving at a conclusion, after hearing the evidence which he was prepared to introduce. He would present to them, he said, three clases of testimony: the first of which was the record evidence afforded by solemn judicial proceedings, held more than four years ago, when, after full investigation and due proof, it was decided that Herbert Harlow, the only son and heir of the late Hugh Harlow, was dead.

Blass and Frederick exchanged nods and smiles here; Mrs. Sitterly used her cambric, and Herbert began to think he was somebody else.

"The second variety of the defendant's proof," continued Bight, "will be the testimony of more than a dozen living witnesses, who all knew the late Herbert Harlow *well*, who remember him *distinctly*, and who will all swear that *this is not the boy.*"

Simon smiled more broadly now, and the little plaintiff looked in terror at him, and at Bight, and at the great Websterian man, (who, though he scarcely ever opened his mouth, was understood to be doing all the mischief,) and he wondered how Evelyn could have been so mistaken about him, and whether she would still love him, now that he was found out not to be her brother.

"The third class of witnesses which I shall produce," said the counsel, with affected hesitation, "will be to prove a very delicate question, being nothing less than that the main witness for the plaintiff, the only one, I may say, (for when her testimony is removed very little remains,) that Miss Evelyn Sitterly is not of sound mind."

Many eyes were turned towards the beautiful girl when this announcement was made, but her vailed face did not betray to them its flush of indignation and shame at the cruel and wicked charge.

Mr. Bight had laid out a large job, and it took a great while to get through with it, especially as Seth and Mr. Silby proved very troublesome to him in various ways. The record evidence was indeed very soon received at what it was worth; but when the living witnesses came on, although they told their stories very glibly to Bight, the cross examinations involved some of them in no little trouble. They were chiefly servants, who had lived in the family during the year preceding Herbert's abduction; but there were also two or three of the former neighbors of Mrs. Sitterly, who disbelieved in the young heir, and who strengthened the defendant's cause very much.

One of her most formidable witnesses, however, was Mr. Simon Blass, whose grand air as he came upon the stand, seemed to intimate that he would settle this vexed controversy in a remarkably short time. In answer to many questions from his colleague, he testified substantially that he had known the late Herbert Harlow, Mrs. Sitterly's son, from the day of his birth—that he had been in the habit of seeing him frequently, until the time of his supposed death, and that he fully believed, not only that the plaintiff in this suit was not Herbert, but that he did not bear any very striking resemblance to him. He was the more sure of the spuriousness of the alleged heir, he said, from the fact, that the latter retained no remembrance whatever of him, who was a relative and a very frequent visitor of the family.

Some of the more benevolent faces in the jury box looked sad when this strong testimony was given against the gentle child—but when Mr. Lynde cross examined his legal brother, he drew out from him, in a very sly way, the facts that he had never been in the habit of playing with or fondling little Herbert, had never given him any present, or showed any of those little kindnesses to him which attach children to their relatives, and cause them to be remembered.

The lofty Simon did not see the drift of these questions until he had quite committed himself, or he would easily have furnished a different set of answers.

But shaken as it was, there was still a very solid mass of testimony for the defendant, and it was strengthened when the witnesses were called to impeach Evelyn's sanity.

The grave doctor's views were very decided on this question, and as his evidence was interlarded with many Latin and Greek phrases, and and with quotations from Hippocrates, Galen, Doctor Abernethy and Doctor Cooper, they were not without much weight.

Sour Sarah was also an effective witness upon this point, inasmuch as she most fully believed all that she said, and consequently related it with an air of truth. She gave many instances of supposed irrational language and conduct on the part of Evelyn, being little eccentricities of the young lady, which were very highly colored and distorted by her own imagination. But the crowning proof which she instanced, was Miss Sitterly's running away from home with a peddler, and going to New York, when she might have gone "like a lady with her own parents, the same day."

Other domestics in the family, having been fully imbued with the idea that the young lady was "out of her head," had of course imagined that they had seen many evidences of it, and were all ready to tell their story.

Even little Becky Vose had been pressed into the service, and although so young, her constant attendance upon Evelyn, it was thought, would give weight to her evidence—while her artlessness would also have its effect upon the jury.

But when Becky was brought upon the stand, and caught the eye of her friend, looking mournfully upon her, she suddenly deserted her post, and rushing to Evelyn, she clung with tears and sobs to her, and utterly refused to be coaxed back.

Bight rose to insist on his rights, but the heavy counsel shook his head, intimating thereby, (among many other things,) that it was safest to let her alone, whereupon Becky was excused.

The day was consumed in these examinations, and most of the next in counter evidence on the question of Evelyn's hallucination; but late in the afternoon, Mr. Lynde examined a few more witnesses on the main issue.

Mrs. Sitterly's seeming magnanimity at an early stage of the trial, in relation to technical proof, had inaugurated a somewhat liberal mode of procedure, which had been emulated upon the other side, and the case was conducted without the usual strict regard to rules, and with the professed object, on both sides, of permitting the whole truth to be freely elicited.

This pretence of fairness on the part of the lady defendant, served to some extent to conceal the exactly opposite spirit which actuated her, and enabled her, through her counsel, (two of whom really believed in the justness of her cause) the more easily to suppress and distort important facts.

It had not escaped the attention of Seth that, although so many of the former domestics of Mrs. Sitterly had been brought on the stand, the Irish girl, Madge, had not been produced. He remembered her strange conduct, when she first saw Herbert at Mrs. Gale's, and his belief at that time that she fully recognized him, although hesitatingly asserting the contrary. Why, he asked himself, had she not been sworn? Had her integrity, after all, proved too strong to be purchased? He communicated his suspicions to Mr. Joab Gilton, who having managed to obtain an interview with Madge, had elicited from her the assertion that she was not to be called "jist because she knew nothing at all about the matter."

Yet she had lived in the family at the time of Herbert's abduction; she must have a decided opinion one way or the other, thought Seth, and if she is not a valuable witness for the defendant, she must be for us.

Acting on this belief, he boldly subpœned her, not without a sense of the risk he ran, yet feeling nearly confident that a servant whom Mrs. Sitterly could not influence, must have a substratum of principle, worthy of reliance.

He was not mistaken. Great as was Madge's terror at being brought into court, (and it was only equalled by Mrs. Sitterly's astonishment and alarm at seeing her there,) she boldly told the truth.

She said that she had recognized Herbert the first day she saw him—that she had not a doubt on the subject, and never had; but she confessed she had "tould a bit of a story to the mistthress about it, to kape her place, jist," but said she wouldn't *swear* to an untruth for all the places in New Yorick."

Madge said, moreover, that she never would have wronged the dear boy whom she "loved intirely," but she did not know there was any property in dispute; and as to Herbert's home, she thought he would be better off anywhere than with a mother that "wouldn't own her own flesh and blood, sure."

She seemed disposed to keep nothing back now, more especially as she was cheered by the smiles of Evelyn and Seth, and was rather incensed than intimidated by the angry glances of her mistress.

She knew her place was not worth an hour's purchase, but she had resolved to make this sacrifice to truth, and in penance for her former wrong-doing.

Her evidence seemed to make a great impression on the jury, and it acted as a sort of lever to upheave much of that solid mass of testimony which had been accumulated on the other side. Yet it was, of course, impaired by the fact that she had once told a different story—and alas, soon still more so, by unscrupulous witnesses, produced to impeach her character for truth.

When the day closed, and Seth summed up its results, he scarcely knew whether he had made any material headway.

But his columbiad was still in reserve.

CHAPTER XLI.

When the opposing parties assembled on the ensuing morning, the signs of elation and approaching victory were still strongest on the side of the powerful defendant.

The doughty knight, who almost with vizor down, "did battle" in her name, the heavy dark-browed man, said even less than usual to his chattering colleagues, but he looked unutterable strength.

Blass and Bight were merry, and even jovial, whispering gaily together, now and then bowing low to one or another of the gay circle, which was assembled around Mrs. Sitterly, or perhaps wafting a kiss over to that oasis of Beauty blooming amid their legal Sahara.

Punctiliously polite to Messrs. Lynde and Silby, they still looked at them inquiringly, as if really wondering why they should still keep up the farce of attack, when every assault was so instantly and fully repelled. The question in their minds was not *whether* the plaintiff's counsel would strike their flag or not, but *when* they would strike it. At what particular juncture of these amusing proceedings would they lower their colors, and gracefully surrender?

They could gather little from the countenances of their opponents. Silby certainly did not look like giving up the ship, and Seth exchanged almost as bright smiles with Evelyn and her little party, as those which illumined the other side of the room.

"Let them keep up the illusion as long as they can," whispered Blass.

But there was nothing like vaunting in Seth's deportment, and when the court announced itself ready, and called upon him to proceed, there was something of solemn emotion in the tone of his voice as he called his last witness, which attracted general attention.

"*Mrs.—Jerusha—Bolt!*"

"She's dead!" said Bight, in a hurried whisper to his colleagues. "Mrs. Smyth told us all about *her*. She died two years ago."

But, dead or living, there was a response to the call, in the approach of a tall lady in black, heavily vailed, who, after much difficulty in finding her way to the witness-stand, finally took her place upon it, and awaited orders.

"Please to remove your vail, madam," said Seth.

This request was no sooner complied with than little Herbert (who, throughout the three days' trial, had preserved the most unbroken silence), to the general astonishment, leaped from his chair, and crowding past and jolting against the amazed Silby, scrambling over the knees of Seth, darting under the end of the table, to make his way out of his confined quarters, he reached the witness-stand, and sobbing with joy, threw himself into the arms of the good lady, whose emotion seemed scarcely less than his own.

The scene drew tears from many eyes, but when, after a few moments allowed to this spontaneous exhibition of affection, Seth beckoned his little client back, Blass was heard to announce in a very loud whisper to Frederick that it was "exceedingly well got up," to which that gentleman responded with his usual "*Yaas.*"

Mrs. Bolt was sworn, and gave some testimony which carried consternation into the camp of the enemy. In addition to much which had been proven by other sources, she testified that she well remembered the name by which the boy plaintiff was known when her brother, Doctor Weldover, brought him home, and that it was "*Herbert Harlow.*"

All Bight's ingenuity could not make her say that it might possibly have been something else, very similar in sound; and he could only try to throw a little mistrust on her story by saying that this witness was one of the class known as "too willing." He thought a little less positiveness would serve her friend's cause better.

But Mrs. Bolt said that she could not help that: she *could not be less positive* if she had desired to, and she had much else to say, which was equally unpleasant for the defendant to hear.

She related many things which the boy of six years had told her about his former home and his relations, and especially about Evelyn, which, although they had mostly faded from the child's own memory, during the lapse of succeeding years, now went far towards his identification in all candid minds.

But this testimony was not received without a perfect "*chevaux defrize*" of objections and exceptions, which the court was required to "make a note of." It was "hearsay evidence," it was the "plaintiff's own declarations," it was "illegal proof," it was everything that it ought not to be; and yet it had a very evident effect upon both the jury and the audience—an effect which was rather increased than diminished by the earnest attempts first to suppress and then to disparage it.

Seth smiled in triumph at all these flounderings of the foe, and the expression of his fine eye said plainly:

"Keep quiet, gentlemen. There is something worse to come."

"Do you know," he asked the witness, "that your brother advertised this boy in one or more of the city newspapers, as a lost child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you *see* the advertisement at the time?"

"I did, sir."

"And now," exclaimed the young man, taking from a drawer of the table before him a bound file of one of the city newspapers for the year 18—, and extending it, opened, to the witness, "please to tell me whether *that* is the advertisement which your brother caused to be inserted."

Mrs. Bolt put on her spectacles, and after slowly reading the notice, answered in the affirmative.

"Please to read it then to the jury."

Bight and Blass sprang, open-mouthed, to their feet, but their Websterian colleague brought them down with a grave shake of his ponderous head, and asked to be permitted to look at the book.

It was handed to him, and after glancing through it, and convincing himself that it was not only a genuine file of one of the city journals, but could most easily be authenticated as such, he passed it back to the witness, and said that it might be used.

"Please to read it *now*," repeated Seth.

The witness read:

"Lost boy. A boy calling himself Herbert Harlow, aged about six years, was brought to the hospital in —— street about five weeks since, by people who, it is believed, have no claim upon him. He is very fair, has brown hair, blue eyes, and says that he has a sister called 'Evvy.' (Evelyn put down her head and wept.) Any person interested in this child can obtain further information by inquiring at the hospital."

The greatest sensation pervaded the entire audience during the reading of this notice, and many eyes were turned towards Mrs. Sitterly, with the apparent expectation of seeing her rushing at last to acknowledge her child, and clasp him to her heart,

They saw no such thing, but instead of this, they saw her whispering smilingly to one of her companions, and then holding up one finger as a signal for her husband to come over to her.

The elegant Frederick was quickly at her side, and after she had whispered earnestly to him a few moments, he returned to his place and sent Blass. She rose to converse with him, and many people who then caught a view of her face, were impressed with its ghastly appearance, although it was wreathed in smiles.

Whatever may have been the nature of her communication, Simon acquiesced in it with many nods of approbation, and soon went back to his seat to transfer the message to the great man, who wrinkled his great forehead expressively while hearing it, and smiled approval at its close.

During these flutterings, Mr. Bight had been engaged cross-examining Mrs. Bolt, putting only a few unimportant questions as long as the attention of his colleages was engaged by their consultations, and then going more seriously to work.

But he could make nothing of the witness, and after a little while he was quite willing to permit her to retire.

Then the senior counsel for the defence arose, with majesty in his mien, and addressing the court, he said that "the extraordinary evidence which had just been produced, (doubly extraordinary when the positive proof of Herbert Harlow's death, and the otherwise complete refutation of the claims of this plaintiff were considered,) fully justified the theory long since adopted by the distinguished defendant in relation to this suit. This conspiracy to defraud, she alleged, dated *very far back*, and that its primary steps had been taken within a few months after the death of her son.

Among those steps had been the insertion of this very advertisement in a city newspaper, and in one in which it was least likely of all others that it should meet her eye.

"It had indeed been necessary to wait long for the consummation of so stupendous a fraud. Time must be given for the friends and acquaintances of the deceased child to forget the lineaments of his loved face—time to find a counterfeit heir bearing some resemblance to him—time to train him for his part in the extraordinary drama.

"But he was instructed further to say, and he said it with unbounded reluctance, that it should be shown that the date of the advertisement corresponded very closely with certain important domestic events, which had doubtless led to it, and of which, as it nearly concerned a young professional brother, now present, he would say nothing more excepting that it would become a stern necessity to offer proof in regard to it." And as the heavy counsel sat down with an expression of countenance which said, "*fiat justitia, ruat coelum*," quite as plainly as if he had given utterance to those words, the minds of both jury and spectators again swayed back to a state of painful uncertainty.

Few, of course, understood the closing parts of these remarks, but to both Seth and Evelyn they were at once most painfully intelligible. The domestic event which had been so nearly coeval with the date of the advertisement, was Seth's rejection by Mr. Sitterly as a suitor for the hand of his daughter, in that memorable interview which had resulted in the young man being virtually dismissed from the house.

That the discarded lover, disappointed in the pursuit of a supposed heiress, and fully cognizant of the recent abduction of Mrs. Sitterly's son, had from that hour concocted this extraordinary scheme; that the daughter, whose mind had been weakened by excessive grief, both for her brother and for her lover, had been herself deceived by this counterfeit heir, and that this view of the case was strengthened by the consideration that the pretender's *debut* was at the house of a relative of the chief conspirator, and under his immediate auspices—all these formed parts of that ingenious defence by which the force of the recent dangerous testimony was to be overcome.

Aside from Mrs. Bolt's evidence, the preponderance of proof was still materially in favor of the defendant.

She was the only witness who in any way professed to show the history of the lost child during his absence from his proper home, or who proved that dreadful advertisement as genuine.

But she stood alone, and these were too important points to rest on a single voice, especially if some discredit could be thrown upon her evidence, which it would not be difficult to do.

Seth grew more discouraged; he had counted much on the effect of his last witness, who had not arrived in town until the third day of the trial—but of whose approach to the city he had kept himself well informed from day to day.

Mrs. Bolt was an invalid, and had travelled only by day—and it was in pursuit of her that his three weeks' absence from town had been spent. He had been confident of her arrival in time to give her testimony in the cause, although she was too late to form one of his first series of witnesses. But he had kept her expected arrival a secret even from his friends, and Herbert, who had grieved deeply at the news of her death, had never heard it contradicted until he saw her in Court.

He had sanguinely anticipated that her testimony would prove invincible; he had almost hoped that Mrs. Sitterly's counsel, on hearing it, would at once advise an abandonment of the defence—nay that she herself would hasten to acknowledge her mistake—to embrace her son—to hail even him as her benefactor.

How different the result. How hopeless looked the contest against such determined opposition—against such a powerful and unprincipled adversary.

Yet he would not despair. Dear Evelyn still looked to him for exertion, and the eyes of poor bewildered Herbert also wandered ever and anon to his face, to glean tidings of the pending battle, and learn what its "signs of promise" were.

Sitterly and Blass were again jubilant. The clouds which had come over Seth's countenance had added to their merriment, and they meant that the jury should see how confident they were of success, and how entirely free they were from all apprehensions of the result.

"She's an extraordinary woman, that Louise," said Simon, whispering to the husband.

"Fact."

"What a *lawyer* she would have made, eh?"

"Ya-as—great."

"*She's* managed this case," continued Blass. "Talk about a managing counsel! *she* is the managing counsel—she's marshalled the witnesses—planned the defence—changed the plan when necessary—been every where—superintended every thing—*done it all!*"

"Yes—she's done a great deal—a great deal more than *you* know—up there."

Frederick pointed up the river.

"Yes—she's done it all she's a wonderful woman—Louise is."

Mr. Bight and Mr. Silby had been engaged during this whispered colloquy, and for some minutes previous, comparing notes of testimony upon some disputed point—the progress of the cause being in the meanwhile suspended.

Their differences were settled at last by comparing their minutes with those of the judge, who then said they were ready to proceed.

But at this instant a sudden movement occurred amidst the crowd, which thronged the corner nearest to the jury, and a figure struggled to the front which at once attracted general attention. It was a tall, pale, and ghastly man, whose air was highly suggestive of the madhouse, whose long and uncombed hair streamed in all directions from his head, and whose ill-assorted garments hung loosely upon his gaunt frame. He gazed a moment wildly at clients and counsel, and then, with long and rapid strides, he advanced to the vacant witness-box.

"*Swear* ME!" he said, in tones so hollow and sepulchral, that they would better have befitted the charnel house than that region of life and light, and as he spoke he extended his long, thin, trembling arm towards the clerk who administered the oaths; and touching the Holy Book, he repeated eagerly, almost fiercely, the words, "*Swear* ME!"

But commingled with his words, rising above them, piercing every ear, filling the vast courtroom, and coming back in echoes from the lofty dome, a shriek, which none who heard could ever forget, appalled the vast auditory, and caused even the unsummoned witness to start backward in dismay at the wail he had evoked.

All eyes were turned in the direction from which the fearful sound had proceeded, and there, amidst a circle of distinguished ladies, the stateliest figure of them all reclined motionless in the arms of her friends.

"Help for Mrs. Sitterly! Open the windows! Water! A doctor!"

Such were some of the hasty exclamations which were made, while rising on every side, standing upon the seats, climbing upon tables, and upon desks, the excited crowd tried to catch a glimpse of the strange scene, so inexplicable to them.

Mr. Sitterly and Simon were of course instantly at the side of their friend, and two or three physicians, who had been among the spectators at the trial, were as quickly in attendance. But when the usual restoratives for swooning had been used for some minutes without effect, and the medical men began to exhibit some alarm, the court at once adjourned, and the room was cleared. The strange man, whose appearance had produced so great a commotion had in the meantime vanished, and it was perhaps not remarkable that, in the general excitement, no one had seen him go.

Blass meanwhile, more pallid and seemingly more alarmed than the husband of the unfortunate woman, divided his attention, in these first few minutes of consternation, between his sister-in-law and inquiries after the stranger, who had caused her swoon.

"Who was he? *What* was he? Had any one seen in what direction he went?" he asked, with every appearance of dismay.

"Never mind *him*," replied Frederick, quickly, "'tis only some lunatic, whose dreadful appearance has terrified poor Louise, for she was quite in one of her nervous states when she left home this morning.

"Does she show no signs of reviving yet?" he inquired, of one of the physicians who held his fingers on her wrist.

"Stand back and give her more air," was the only reply.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"LUCY'S FLITTIN'."

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

It was of a different sort from the one Laidlaw has immortalized in the beautiful ballad that bears this name, with little of the romance, but, it may be, with very much more fun—for did not "the tane" happen in bonny Scotland, and "the tother" in the very matter of fact precincts of a New England country boarding school.

Late, one summer afternoon, I came from a lecture on chemistry, in "No. 3" of the great hall, and sauntered up to my own room, "No. 5," in the house.

My room-mate, and bosom friend, Lucy Russell, was always ready to meet me at my door when I entered, and go with me where I would. But on the night of which I speak she was absent for the first time. Of course I could not think of going out without her. So I sat down before the study table, and by the open window, and looked out. The village church stood on the common just before me, its tall spire shining in the crimson light. Beyond it lay the mountains, at whose dark tops I loved to gaze so well, because upon their other side lay the place I called my home. I leaned my head upon my hand and mused. I thought of the white house under the maples, and what they were doing there—how my guardian read the paper by the window, grumbling now and then because it was growing dark—how my aunt and Sarah walked in the garden, admiring their *Fete-Vierge* roses, which had just been brought from France, and bloomed kindly enough in republican soil, remembering Lafayette, I suppose—how Laura sat by the little fountain, near the asparagus bed, and read of "Christabel" or "Kubla Khan," and thought perhaps of me—how Lizzie sang, in the little parlor, that song,

"I love the night, the glorious night,
When hearts beat warm and true,"

to which I used to listen, in the moonlight, under the syringa bush and the locust tree, outside, and fancy myself in Italy—how Mary chatted with two or three young medical students, and little Fred stood near the piano, in love with his brilliant mother and her magnificent voice—in short, as I contrasted all this life and sound with the stillness of my own chamber, I began to grow desperately homesick. I used to write, in those days, what I called "poetry," and drawing a sheet of paper and a pencil near me, I began to compose something exceedingly doleful, when the door flew open with a great bang, and Lucy ran in and shut it behind her. After that there was no writing, as a matter of course.

I got up, and tried to look very severe.

"Faithless young woman, where have you been? We have lost our walk, and I have nearly lost my wits, thinking you had come to grief somewhere. I was just going to write an elegy."

"Thank you, my dear. Supposing you try your hand at an epithalamium."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. How did the chemistry go off tonight?"

"Just as usual," I said, yawning at the bare recollection. "It is getting to be a terrible bore, and I wish with all my heart that the old fellow would grow deaf and dumb by degrees."

She laughed, but as if she hardly heard what I was saying, and leaned her head upon her hand. She had a pretty, round face, dark hair, and very dark eyes; but that night she looked as grave as a judge, and we sat a long time without speaking. The moon rose finely in the east, and I was watching with deep interest the way in which she silvered over the edges of the passing clouds, and presently looked up over them, fair and full, when somebody whistled faintly under our window. It was like the note of a robin, three times repeated, at short intervals. I was going to lean out to see what it could be, when Lucy sprang up, pulled me back, and waving her handkerchief, sat down on the arm of my chair and held me fast.

"Are you mad?" was my first question.

"Yes—no—I suppose you will say so," was her not very coherent reply. "The fact is, I want to tell you something."

"What prevents you?"

"Because I am going to ask you to do something for me too, and I am afraid—ah you will, I know you will."

"Well, be quiet," for she was loading me with caresses, and I did not care much for them, "and tell me what it is."

"You miserable creature! The long and short of the matter is—I am going to elope to-night."

"You—are—going—to—what?" I said, in slow astonishment, turning round and looking her full in the face, thinking I had not heard aright.

"To elope. And I want you to help me."

There she sat, tapping her foot upon the carpet and looking as unconcerned as if she had proposed a walk to the next confectioner's shop. I was fairly puzzled, but I did not much fancy her to be in earnest.

"And pray where are you going to elope—and what for—and who with?"

"To Providence—because I want to get married—and with Edmund Slayton," was the quiet answer—equal in brevity to that famous one of "up to the knee and ninepence," which won for some market girl in Pennsylvania, the distinction of a Judge's lady. The truth was out, and very plainly too.

Lucy's father, Squire Ames Russell, was a stern, obstinate old fellow, who, if he had been Archimedes, would, I am sure, have used his lever for making the world, and its people, turn *his* way. She was his only daughter, and almost before she had left her cradle, her destiny had been settled over a bowl of punch, with his neighbor, Judge Palmer. She was to marry the Judge's youngest son, a boy of seven, who hated babies, and always pinched his "little wife" when he was dragged up to see her, and made her cry. The children grew up together—she, an arch girl, always teasing and provoking him, and he a rude and boisterous boy, who thought girls were an *un*necessary evil, and could never endure playing with her, because his schoolfellows (who knew all about the contract,) plagued him so. By and by they quarreled to such an extent, that Lucy was sent away to school, where she had remained for three years, receiving visits each vacation from her father, but never going, or caring to go, home. The poor child had no mother, no sisters or brothers then—only a sour, maiden aunt, her self-willed old father, and Walter Palmer, who had, at last, become a lawyer, and was inclined to think better of the proposed match, when he saw how pretty Lucy had grown. No one could blame her for having the good taste to prefer those gay vacations at our boarding house, where some dozen girls remained, with leave and license to play all sorts of pranks, till the fortnight or three weeks were over, to the conventual gloom of her father's house, some 200 miles away.

But Walter Palmer was not the worst of the business. I never saw a girl yet who could love according to prescription, and Lucy, forming no exception to the general rule, had taken it into her unfortunate little head to look in another than the lawful direction. She "had an attachment" as foolish and unreasonable as any boarding-school fancy could well be—to a certain young gentleman named Edmund Slayton, who was the son of the preceptor of the school, and whose blue eyes looked unutterable things at her for many a month, unseen by any one except "us girls," who were all too honorable to peach. Matters had come to a decided crisis with the young pair, and a letter from her father that day received, requesting her to come home at the end of the term, (in three weeks' time,) and "get ready to marry Walter Palmer," finished the business. They determined to elope at once, that very night, and John Denny (a bosom crony of the lover's) and I were selected as the most fitting assistants in their escape. The keys of the great hall door were to be taken by Edmund from his father's room. John Denny (who boarded in another house) was to watch outside to see if the coast was clear, and to keep guard over a carriage stationed under the care of his brothers at the end of the street. Edmund was to leap out of his own window and wait upon the steps, while I unlocked the great hall door, let Miss Lucy safely out, and made all right after they had gone. There was one grain of sense amidst all this foolery. An elder sister of Edmund's, who had been "disappointed," as the saying is, had taken pity upon the lovers, and promised to go with them and see them married. She was only twenty herself, but I looked upon her as a venerable old lady then, and was quite satisfied so long as she was in the scrape. She resided with a married sister in the town, and was to contrive some excuse for going home that night, and wait in the carriage till her companions came.

All this Lucy told me, whispering in a low voice.

"But you will want money, you goose, and clothes," I said.

"Oh, Edmund has plenty of money for the present, and his sister is going to give us more. And I have packed up some of my things," she dragged a small travelling bag from under the bed, "and if I want more I shall send to you. But then we shall not be very long away My father will be terribly angry at first, but when we come and ask him to forgive us, he will be sure to do it, you know."

"Oh, yes," I answered, because I knew all the fathers did forgive their children in the novels I had read, and I supposed, of course, he would follow their example. And having pledged myself to help her to the best of my ability, I went down to the other boarding-house to see Charlotte Denny, and through her means (she was a capital girl, and knew all that was going on) got a chance to talk quietly half an hour or so with John in her room, till we had made all the arrangements we needed, and were sure the thing could not fail.

I do not suppose there ever was a more "Babes in the Wood" sort of thing; I hope there are not six more such simpletons left in the world at the present day. The bride was sixteen, the bridegroom nineteen, aided and abetted by a boarding-school girl of fifteen, a "young lady" of twenty, and two boys of ten and twelve! Lucy's carpet bag contained one or two changes of dress, a great budget of Edmund's letters, a pair of bracelets, and a silk apron that he particularly admired, a smoking cap, which was to be a "surprise" gift to that young gentleman, a Chinese fan, a paper of lemon and peppermint drops, some cocoanut cakes, and seven new books. I know—for I helped her re-pack them after she had asked my advice about taking anything more; and I could think of nothing except fire-crackers, as the Fourth of July would come while they were away; but these were out of the question, it being already too late in the evening to buy them. As for Edmund—I *have* heard, but I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, that he, in addition to his clothes, took only his flute, a bat and ball, and a preposterous pair of horse pistols, with rusty locks, with which he vowed he would "exterminate" any one who came after them. This was their preparation for braving the world together.

I sat up that night with Lucy, feeling as nervous as "a fly in a drum," and expecting each moment that the preceptor would pounce in upon us. Lucy took the matter much more coolly, and made a hearty supper of the bread and cold veal I had taken for her from the dining-room pantry just after dark. At eleven o'clock, the faint robin's whistle came again beneath our window, and raising the sash softly, I saw Edmund underneath, while his sister, carefully wrapped up, was hurrying down the street towards the carriage, whose driver, "deaf John," was as trusty as the grave, and after whirling the party down to the *dépôt*, would come back, and put up his horses, and be the first to wonder at the strange disappearance in the morning. Everybody trusted John, and what was still better, nobody was betrayed by him; but I doubt if he ever had such a cargo of ignoramuses as he carried that night.

How my heart beat as I stole out with Lucy into the great hall, and found my way down stairs by the light of the moon. Those great, dangling keys, too! I thought of Willie Douglas and the escape of Mary Queen of Scots from the Castle of Lochleven, and was sure they would crash down upon the floor, and rouse the whole house before I finished my task. But no—*our* Willie Douglas had taken good care of that; the lock turned smoothly upon its well-oiled wards; the night air and the moonlight swept in together, and there were John Denny and Edmund—the latter of whom wrung my hand and said good bye, and then caught Lucy to his breast.

"Don't be a goose, Edmund," she said, composedly, "but take the travelling-bag, and I will run after you in a moment."

The poor fellow obeyed, little thinking what a fair sample it was of the petticoat government he might expect as they both grew older, and kissing me hastily, she whispered:

"I'll write to you as soon as we are married. Be sure you say you don't know anything about this, or Edmund's father will murder you."

She ran lightly down the yard, and joined her lover. In a moment more I heard the carriage roll away, and John Denny and his brother ran by towards their boarding-house, where Charlotte was waiting to smuggle them in. I went back into the house and locked the door quietly, leaving the keys upon the window-sill outside, (by means of a sliding panel in the frame,) as I had been told to do, and then crept back to my room. Its utter silence as I shut the door, frightened me more than I can say, and I realized a little what I had been about, perhaps for the first time. But there was no help for it; she had gone and could not be brought back again, and I must face the morning as best I might. And so I went to sleep.

Every one knows the old song which ends—

"The kirk was decked at morning tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by tower and ha',
The ladie was na seen—
She's o'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazledean."

It rang in my ears the next morning as I awoke and thought what a scrape I was in. By and by the house grew into a turmoil; the keys had been found outside; Mr. Edmund's window was open, and he not in the room; there were voices in the hall, and they came into my room at last, in the persons of the preceptors and the matron. I had taken very good care to be found undressed and sound asleep (seemingly) in bed, but I was quickly roused, and after a hasty toilet taken to the preceptor's room for judgment. It was no less a point of honor than a question of safety, to be ignorant of anything and everything; but I hope I shall be forgiven for that day's work. Lucy, I said, was certainly not in my room, but I knew no more than the dead where she was, (and that was true in one sense,) and as for Mr. Edmund, I had scarcely spoken a dozen words to him in my life. But it was all of no avail, and I was kept a prisoner in my room all day, which I did not at all object to, as I got rid of all my lessons, and the girls on the floor above lowered down by a string from their windows some cakes and apples, a bottle of lemon syrup, and a capital romance, one after another. On the whole, I had a very jolly time of it, and thought my part of the elopement quite as pleasant as Lucy's

The next night's post brought a letter from Edmund's sister, saying that they had been married in Providence by a well-known clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and that no one was to be blamed for the whole thing but herself. Hearing this, my preceptor came formally and released me, making an apology (the dear old simpleton) at the same time, and I was taken up stairs in triumph by the girls, who voted me queen of the whole school upon the spot for the way in which I had defended Lucy.

They were married—that could not be gainsayed, and the parents wisely concluded to put the best face upon the matter. Squire Ames went after them himself to Boston, forgave them and took them home to his own house, where our preceptor met them, and the reconciliation was complete. It was not deemed proper for them to return to T——, (I suppose the poor preceptor thought we should all follow their example if they did,) since they had set the rules of its school so completely at defiance; but a pretty home for their residence, and employment in a lawyer's office for Edmund, were soon found, and when Lucy wrote to tell me that her little daughter was to bear my name, she added that she was so happy she was really ashamed of herself, and that she had not a wish ungratified on earth. Leaving her thus in the beatitudes, I went away from school, and out into that world which wrung my heart and tyrannized over me at first, but would now stoop to be my servant since my eyes are opened, and I value it no more.

During this process of disenchantment, though I never saw Lucy, I pinned my faith upon her and her home with a pertinacity that makes me smile to-day. Though all the world was false, those hearts were true; though husbands and wives strove day and night to wound and grieve and slander each other, that "dear home was sacred from all wrongs." At last I met its inmates in the city of Washington, where Edmund had been sent as a Member of Congress. I went to find out Lucy, with my heart upon my lips, a brilliant, showily-dressed woman lounging on the sofa, with a group of gentlemen around her, rose as I entered the drawing-room of her hotel, and returned my eager welcome with a languid smile. Heavens! was this the girl that ran away at night, with the peppermint drops and the seven new novels? Edmund was also there, but not near her—an eager, ambitious-looking man, with a deep channel worn in the brow I had known so smooth and fair. It was an awakening indeed from all my fairy dreams, to see that gay coquette and her worldly-minded husband in the place of the young lovers who had "fled out into the night" so long ago. I rose, at last, to say farewell, for I was growing sick at heart, and as I took her hand once more I spoke of the old school at T——, and especially of that one night, and all that happened then. She glanced at her wedding-ring, then at her group of eager admirers, then at her grave husband, and again at me.

"My dear," she said, with a heavy sigh, "I think the moon never shone on two greater fools than we were then. Take warning by me, and never elope; marry for money, rank, or what you will, but for love——" She waved her white hand in the air with a scornful smile, said "good bye," and sank down gracefully into her old seat again.

I have never seen her since, nor shall I ever believe in domestic peace or happiness any more!

EVREMOND MOTT'S FAILURE.

BY CLARA SIDNEY.

On the summit of a graceful elevation which overlooks the romantic suburban village of Riverside, and which also commands a fine view of a broad stream flowing majestically towards the sea, stood the beautiful mansion of Evremond Mott, Esq., surrounded by grounds rendered delightful by the combined efforts of nature and art, while for the back ground it had the mountains and the dark evergreens of the forest. All that wealth could impart had been lavished to render the spot the abode of enjoyment; and all the appointments of the house were in the most luxurious and magnificent style.

The dinner hour of the Mott family is seven P. M., but the table has been standing for a full half hour beyond its usual time, and Mrs. Mott has at length decided to assemble her family and try if sitting down to eat without her husband will not bring him. Her handsome (though she is forty-eight years old) face shows signs of anxiety and trouble, and she looks often out at the window from which the approach of the husband and father is always first visible.

Amid the smiles and pleasant tones produced by a humorous remark from Evremond Mott, Jr., the tardy father at last entered. His presence instantly banished the brightness from each face; and without noticing the relieved expression with which his wife received him, Mr. Mott took his place at the table.

He drank in moody silence of the cup which the servant presented to him; but when he attempted to eat the food refused to go down.

The cloud on his troubled face grew darker, and with haste he arose from the table and left the apartment.

Anxious and alarmed, his wife followed him to his chamber, leaving the children, of whom there were seven, ranging from the ages of sixteen to three, dismayed and wondering at the scene.

As Mrs. Mott entered her husband's chamber, she saw him standing at a window from whence there was a delightful view of the tree-shadowed town, and of the broad river below. Hearing some one behind him, Mr. Mott turned abruptly, and his wife saw, with quick sympathy, that his eyes were filled with tears.

"What is it? Will you *never* confide in your own wife, Evremond? I entreat of you to tell me the cause of your too evident distress."

Mr. Mott drew his wife to the window.

"Look at this prospect," said he. "See our own beautiful grounds, and the pleasant scenes on every hand. We must leave them all, Maria; I am a bankrupt, owning not a shelter on the wide earth."

* * * * * * * *

Every man has his virtues as well as his faults, and Mr. Mott was *an honest* man. Had he been less honest he might have been more amiable, at least than he had been for the past two or three months. There are, it is to be feared, men who, had they been in Mr. Mott's circumstances, when they began to suspect what was coming, would have "made over to my wife" the elegant $75,000 residence, and several other little items of property, in order that as little change as possible might take place in the style of living in the family. There is many a man and many a woman that has in some one closely related to them a better friend than they yet have proved. Often and often men do not know the wives of their bosom; often they do not dream what souls are in their children, and so it was with Mr. Mott.

As is apt to be the case with proud natures, when Mr. Mott began to give way he was gone, and when he had confessed his situation to her who should long before have been honored by his confidence, he wept like a very infant in her arms. Ah! but those tears did him good, and the sympathy and courage of the true woman's heart on which, *at last*, he had come to lean, did him good. From that hour Evremond Mott was an altered and a better man. His beautiful house went into the possession of another; he was no longer a noted man on 'change, nor a man of influence in the business world; but he had found compensation for all that he had lost in the blessings which he had gained.

And the loss of the conveniences and luxuries of wealth was nothing to his wife and children, compared to the pleasure which the now kind and affectionate father imparted.

Far better, a thousand-fold, is it for parents and children to be warmly united in family love, than to be gorged with riches, and to be as strangers to each other. Mr. Mott was able to procure comfortable lodgings in the city, and to start himself anew in business. Joyful it is to say that in the time of Evremond's need he found *one true friend* in the ranks of his former business associates. This gentleman assisted him to start a sort of manufacturing concern which not only employed himself, but gave employment to his children, such of them as were old enough to work at it. But this did not last a great while, for prosperity once more began to smile; and the children were able to devote themselves entirely to their studies.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Mott, with a pleasant smile, as her husband was cheerfully talking of his improving prospects, "I hope that we shall never again grow so rich that you will have no time to spend with your wife and children, that you will become again too grand to confide your plans and prospects to your wife, and, returning to your old opinion that women can't understand business, and to your haughty, unsocial, and ungenial ways, that you will rebuild, between yourself and your family, that cold, hard, ugly wall, which your happy failure so completely tumbled down and destroyed."

UNMARRIED LADIES.—The single state is no diminution of the beauties and the utilities of the female character: on the contrary, our present life would lose many of the comforts, and much, likewise, of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. The single woman is as important an element of social and private happiness as the married woman. The utilities of each are different; but it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly feeling, and discreditable to every just one, to depreciate the unmarried condition.

DISTRUST all those who love you extremely upon a very slight acquaintance, and without any visible reason. Be upon your guard, too, against those who confess, as their weaknesses, all the cardinal virtues.

HE who wishes to comprehend the present and understand the future, must take his lesson from the past; for it is there that he finds the roots of the present, and the germs of the future.

NIAGARA—1857.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Wild from his northern fastness
The loud, prophetic river,
Sowing the limitless fields of air
With his deep-voiced, infinite thunder,
Tramples the dark cliffs underfoot
In his headlong, glorious mission
To the shaken hills, and the echoing caves,
And the gray, primeval forests.

Back from his awful forehead streams
The blossom of all the ages;
The shaggy lengths of his hoary locks
Dashed wild against the headlands,
And wide on the rushing tempest sweeps
His mantle of revelation!
And, grasping the fadeless bow of heaven,
His shadowy hands are lifted,
Whilst he shouts in the dialect of the storm
To the cowed and trembling nations!

The winds take up the mighty strain,
And the forests bow before it;
And on the hoary-fronted rocks,
And the limitless brow of heaven—
In light and shadow and burning stars,
In the leap of the subtle lightning,
In the rainbow's smile and the sunset's dream—
Is written the broad translation,
And the green isles thrill with an inner sense
Of its awful rythm—Jehovah!

Alone, in his chainless might sublime,
And grand as a frowning angel,
He pauseth between the vibrant crags,
Old as primeval darkness,
Shaking the hills with his psalm of strength
Like the voice of the resurrection!
Whilst out of the hollow, abysmal font
Of the Universe he poureth
The white, baptismal wine of God,
Distilled in the spheres of thunder,
On the penitent, upturned brows of earth,
Cooling her ancient fever!

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAUL.

A lioness robbed of her young, a tiger baulked of his prey, would but poorly represent the wrath and fury of Saul Meghorn when he found that those whom he had imagined already captured had escaped.

Rage and amazement for some time blinded him too far to allow him to perceive even the mode of their egress, and again there flashed upon his mind, momentarily, the suspicion of his follower having played him false.

But a very slight investigation, pursued with more coolness, gave him the explanation, by the discovery of the opening, partly of what had been a window, enlarged by tearning away the decayed framework of the shed.

There was not a question in the mind of the half-maddened pirate as to his course: this fresh baffling of his power was a new incentive. He swore, with redoubled fervor, that he would again make himself master of his escaped property, and, for a brief interval, revelled in the notion of the vengeance he should take. But then came the question: here were the six cross roads, each leading to a different place, and not the slightest indication to afford a clue to preference.

East, west, north, or south, with two intermediate, they might have gone, and, in all probability—as, with an oath, Saul owned to himself—the very one he should select would be the farthest from the one that the fugitives had taken.

So he sat, uncertain, debating with himself, panting for pursuit, yet tantalised by uncertainty. At one moment he blamed himself for not having retained Yawmans to assist him, then again he bethought him of the risk, and repeated all the arguments for the necessity of secrecy and caution.

"Would to Heaven I'd never seen the wench!" he said, bitterly, as he struck the table before him heavily with his fist; "what has she ever been to me but a torture and a sorrow? I had sins enough to answer for without that! They could never say I had killed a fellow in cold blood till then—not till then; and she! she would give me up, ay, to a dog's death, though it was for her—oh, if I had never seen her! And yet, and yet, though I know it, I feel it, and that even now she may be planning my ruin, I love her!—ah! love her, my God, with a love such as puling boys and girls never dream of. Oh, wretched woman! oh, Nelly! oh, my wife!"

He threw himself along the settle, and lay wrapped in his cloak, booted, hat on head, ready for departure; yet so he lay for some time, and the inmates of the "Trouble House," well knowing their patron's humor, were careful not to intrude, though they peeped at a distance, and made their own comments, as small men will do on the actions of their superiors. The day was far on its progress when Saul stamped loudly with the heel of his boot; and shouted for the landlord, who quickly appeared.

"A horse! I want a horse!" Meghorn said, hurriedly.

The host of the Trouble House was about to demur or explain, but Saul repeated, "A horse! and the swiftest you can get," in a tone which must have closed a bolder and less dependent mouth than that of the host.

"Be quick! I'm in a hurry," he added, as the landlord disappeared with a humble bow, and retreated into the depths of his domesticity, where, in showers of blows, kicks, and curses, distributed among his family and menials, he in some sort avenged himself for the treatment he submitted to from his patron, whose last order drove him to his wit's end.

By what feat of legerdemain the horse was procured, which in the course of the next half-hour stood at the back door of the Trouble House ready saddled and bridled, it would be difficult to say. Saul heard its arrival, and met it at the door, where the landlord awaited him with all the attention due to a respected customer.

Here, however, a ceremony was performed the opposite of that usually marking the departure of a traveller.

At a word or two from Saul, the other produced a small bag from beneath his waistcoat, and handed it to the smuggler, who having taken thence some pieces of money, and slipped them into his belt, returned the bag to the landlord; and, with a gruff good-day, rode off.

The very brief sentence in which mine host apostrophised Meghorn's back as it slowly disappeared, was not exactly that in which one would commonly "speed the parting guest," but had the other hazarded a guess upon its nature, as he rode along, he would in all probability have conjectured pretty correctly the substance of it. So much for the friendship of rogues.

The determination to which Meghorn had come was to take each of the roads in succession as far as a given and principal point. He calculated that by the swiftness at which he should travel, he would thus command at once three of the roads, and the least frequented, in the time by which the woman and child could have reached that point in either. One of the others he knew to be so much more frequented, that in all probability she would be timid of pursuing it, or in that event, it would be easy to obtain information of her, even by the most careless inquiries.

Thus he reckoned to command, as it were four of the separate routes, which he having traversed, and not finding traces of her, he would then enter upon the next, still in sufficient time to overtake her, if she were upon it; while the sixth lay across so wild and impracticable a country, that the fugitives must be compelled to pause, or faint by the way, long before they should have attained the spot he had fixed upon as the corresponding goal—if we may so put it—with the rest.

He planned ably and carried out his intentions in the same spirit, but I am not here to tell you, for the first time, of the small accidents and petty chances which overturn even the most cunningly laid schemes; nor how those very accidents one may esteem the direst hindrance and misfortune, shall prove but "blessings in disguise."

The road down which Chob Laxity had, all unconsciously, played the part of charioteer to Nelly and her child, was the very one on which Saul had counted for obtaining, with certainty, some information of those he sought, should they have taken it.

Had Mistress Laxity held her marriage vow in higher reverence, and, honoring her liege lord with due loyalty, failed to be moved by the gossip's story of his companions, the Blue Moon would have harbored in peace its two helpless guests, and on the evening of that very day when Saul put up "doucely" and soberly at the old inn, pursuing his inquiries with all caution, have been rendered up to his tender mercies as the rightful custodian of a runaway wife; old Featherston's bachelor infirmity disposing him to believe the worst that could be told of the sex, and making him prompt to relieve himself of the infliction he dreaded.

But we have seen how things did fall out, and how—when Saul, having made a whirlwind sort of progress by the three first roads, had taken the fourth more leisurely, believing that his wife must have availed herself of some conveyance, which would be almost certain to have stopped here—Nelly was in fact escaping into the very path over which his horse's feet had passed but a few hours before.

He gained the information here of the manner in which his prey had been conveyed from out of his very grasp, and which good Chob would certainly have withheld, little as his own experience could have disposed him to regard with favor the sex he had befriended; but the host of the Blue Moon did further assist his guest with such suggestions as occurred to him on the probable route the woman had taken.

A wagon had gone out of the yard but a few minutes before, having two women and a child by way of passengers, and driven by a lad; it was a likelihood so visible that Nelly should have been even offered a seat in the vehicle and accepted it, that Meghorn's eagerness quickly converted the hint into a certainty, and taking an abrupt leave, was quickly in pursuit of my readers know what—an empty chaise.

He came up with the wagon, and called on it to stop in a manner that set the women screaming for help and murder, and the boy on his knees to blubber, while the supposed highwayman rummaged the straw and packages, and, with an oath, started again forward at redoubled speed to make up for lost time.

The remainder of the course he had traced for himself was achieved with as little success. He thus had completed almost a circle, intersected, as it were, by his various tracks; but had not returned to the first, which, with few deviations, the unhappy woman continued to pursue, and thence struck across the open country, enduring various hardships and distress, till in her extremity Providence sent her help, as I have described in my last chapter.

Meanwhile the Daredevil lay at anchor, and her crew, right fitted to the name of the vessel they manned, began to murmur at the delay.

"It won't do, yer honor! upon my soul I can't keep 'em quiet no longer, and I won't try. I ax pardon, Capt'n, if I offend. I ax pardon, yer honor, but I put it to you, Capt'n, if you would ha' stood it, man or boy! to snift the salt water, day in and day out, and to see the guns rusting, as ye may say, and the luck a-giving ye the go-by, and a-rotting the while like a longshoreman, or a sick gal in yer hammock."

They had met, mate and master, in the cavern at Deepgang; the setting sun tinged the waves like blood, that rolled up the sands and rippled to the feet of the two men, as they stood without the cavern.

"These ten days as we have wasted, yer honor," the mate went on, "what we might ha' made on 'em!"

"There, there; be silent, be silent," said his superior, hastily; "have I not said we will sail the day after to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, an' to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow!" muttered the veteran; "why not to-night, yer honor? why not to-night? A fair wind and a clear sky, and the first o' the month."

"I must have one more day, Yawmans," said Saul, hurriedly, "one more!"

"*One* more, and then another, and again one more," Mat growled; "well, yer honor will do as ye please, but for me——"

"*Well, for you?*" his commander said, fiercely, and turning sharply round, "go on, 'for you!'"

"Well, Capt'n," the other said, after a pause; "I've sailed under you years in and years out, and this here hand has been at your service many's the day, and never shirked of nothin'—but I do say I'd cut it off, ay, I'd as lief cut it right off as ever I'd ha' come to see yer honor a taking on and a shallyin' ashore, with the wind fair, and the Daredevil manned, and a strainin' at her cable like a full blood-horse at his bridle-bit. And I do say it's a sorro' and a sin, and that's all."

Saul's eyes flashed fire, but he said nothing till the man had done speaking; then, with folded arms he stood, crushing his heel down into the golden sand and snow-white shells that flecked it thickly.

"I *must* have to-morrow," he repeated.

"And *then?*" the mate asked gloomily.

"Bring her round here to-morrow night," replied Meghorn, "and when I give the signal send a boat off."

"The signal?"

"A red light upon the cliff."

"It shall be done," said Yawmans. "And yer honor won't fail us now, the lads——"

"Did I *ever* fail them?" interrupted the pirate, hoarsely, and facing round upon his subordinate, who quailed, as of old, beneath the flash of that eye he now marvelled he could have braved so lately.

"Ay, ay, it shall be done," muttered Yawmans, as the captain signed that the conference was ended, and moved forward to the beach, while Mat commenced ascending the cliff.

"It's easy saying, but does he mean it? Will he come? It passes me altogether to see a man like him, as would ha' faced the very old one himself, laid on his back for a bit of a woman. Why, I mind the time when he didn't care a straw for a whole cargo of as black-eyed Spanish wenches!—well, well, it's my belief this piece of goods have bewitched him, and that's just it. She'd never ha' made her way out of that cow-shed where she'd cast anchor that blessed night, if he hadn't been more'n ordinary. But we'll be here, we'll be here, never fear, Capt'n."

He paused for a few minutes upon the summit of the cliff, to look back.

Meghorn was pacing to and fro still, with folded arms, and eyes bent upon the ground; now and again he stopped to crush his heel into the sands, or kick from his path a coil of seawéed or mesh of twisted maiden hair, cast upward by the waves.

"Eh! I wouldn't be her to fall into his hands just now," muttered the outlaw, interpreting after his own fashion these silent demonstrations of his chief. "I wonder what'll he kindle to-morrow night to show us a light," he mused; "the church, maybe, if it bean't too far in-shore."

Meghorn visited his lonely dwelling but once more that night, and then only to buckle on anew the cloak and belt which had rarely been laid aside these ten days past.

A sudden inspiration had brought him back from the heat of his pursuit to Deepgang two days before. He had made the tour I have described, had pursued his search to a considerable distance in another direction, but as he failed of the least clue, without success, and had suddenly bethought him of the possibility that the flight of his wife might have been feined, to send him in pursuit. He remembered she must have been unprovided with resources, and that she, having lain in wait till he was fairly away, might have returned to procure money or valuables.

Acting on this idea, he turned his horse's head—it was the third animal he had taken into service—and spurred homewards, to desolation and discomfiture. Yawmans, who had guessed pretty much of the truth, had arrived soon after, and listened to the tale of the escape without surprise, and, in fact, with secret satisfaction.

He expressed his conviction of the supernatural aid which alone could have released the prisoners, and urged his remonstrances upon his superior. But Saul, though well nigh weary of the pursuit, and despairing of success, was yet disinclined to own himself vanquished, and while sneering at Mat's conjectures of the supernatural, he could not resist the idea that Nelly must have been aided in her design and plan of escape by some one more astute and better furnished with the needful means than she could possibly be.

He felt intuitively that his good fortune, hitherto proverbial, was forsaking him, that Fate had declared herself with the opposition, and with a gloomy desperation he listened to the arguments of his mate for what he knew full well was his imperative duty, resolved on one last and comprehensive swoop, and then, with the fierceness that impelled his every action, to tear himself away from the scene of that fatal and deceptive act in his existence, and to plunge anew into the risks and daring of his former life.

"So now for it!" he cried, as he strapped on his riding cloak, and set forward to where he should take horse to commence his familiar journey.

"I don't know what it is," he muttered, "makes me fancy I shall come up with them this time—I care not with whom she be, I care not who be by; she may do her worst, and I'll trust to my wits to answer her, or my own strong arm to drag her back. Let the brat go, I care not; but she is my wife, and she shall come with me, though she have a hundred to back her, or may have discovered the worst."

For the best part of that night he was on foot; the early dawn found him at a lonely spot miles distant from Deepgang, at a solitary dwelling amid rocks, half public house, half fisherman's hut, and where the owner again seemed on terms of intimacy with the outlaw, and where more than one fleet horse awaited his selection.

"Yawmans been here?" was the query with which he returned the hoarse greeting of the host.

"Not since yesterday, Capt'n."

Brevity seemed to suit both equally. No more was said; some meat and rum, taken standing, hastily broke his fast, then he mounted the horse, that stood just without the shed that housed him and his fellows, and rode away up the flinty and winding path with ease, that showed the animal to be well accustomed.

It is needless to dwell upon that day's pursuit, which differed in no way from the last, save in its headlong speed, and the recklessness with which he now made inquiries of all he met.

For many reasons Meghorn would, at another time, have been chary of exhibiting himself in broad day, and in a style so calculated to fix the observation of his fellow-men. But now all idea of caution was lost in the one sole, fixed desire that held possession of his being.

Between the rising and the setting of the sun he had made a circuit of some seventy miles—neither food nor rest had he taken since he seated himself in the saddle; his horse was growing weary, and flagged in its pace; but for himself a fever glowed in every nerve, that forbid him to think of repose.

He saw the day close, and night come down upon the world. The "one day more" was over—his task was ended; nothing remained but to cast the past to the winds, and begin anew to live for "glory" and for gain.

"She has escaped me—it is plain," he said within himself. "I must delay no longer, unless I would be reckoned a traitor and false to them, and forfeit forever the name I have so long maintained. Bah!" he cried, with an oath, "*she* is not worth it—poor, weak fool!—miserable wretch, that could not understand nor share the force and fire of a passion such as mine! So even let her go! But, oh! if we meet—ever meet—even in another world, if such can be, oh! she *shall* feel—she shall understand and answer to me the agony she has made me feel."

He had turned his horse's head now towards the beach, and the bridle lay loose upon its neck. Weary and halting, the creature subsided into a walk; and his rider, intent—sunk in thought—took little heed of their route, till he was brought to a stand-still by a spiked iron fence of enormous height, which extended to a considerable extent on either side of an ancient, moss-grown gate, that formed the entrance to a large, square-built house, lying some short way back from the road.

The horseman looked up at the building, then round him, up and down the road—he failed to recall such a landmark, and then, for the first time, perceived that he had missed the road.

He again took the reins in hand, and endeavored to regain the path he had quitted; but the night was very dark—the similarity of hedgerow, field, and sheep were so similar, that he found himself getting only more confused; for Saul's excursions had rarely led him far inland.

In one of his turns he found himself at the wing of the house apparently inhabited—saw the reflection of a light, and thought he distinguished voices.

He rode round till he came to a side door, from a low window near which the light had been visible. He dismounted, and leading his tired horse, knocked loudly—intending to inquire whereabouts he was, and, perhaps, to seek other information, should appearances give any encouragement.

At the first knock a chorus of canine voices rose upon the air, and effectually prevented any other sound from being audible.

Saul waited till the clamor had somewhat subsided, and then knocked more gently, at the same time raising his voice, he begged to be told the name of the place, and how far it was from the coast.

For a minute all was still—the dogs appeared to have been quieted; there was a hurried movement within, and the light disappeared.

Again he knocked, and again in angry tones repeated his demand.

But no answer came—the loud bark of the dogs sounded from another part of the building; and, after a few minutes' delay, Saul, with an angry oath, went upon his way.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT FAULT.

But Nelly was unaware of her second deliverance, insensible to the narrow escape she had had; for her the terrors of anticipation, or the gratitude for dangers avoided, no longer existed; for the time life and all its cares, all her own troubles, and weariness, and heart-breaking were a blank.

When good dame Tibbetts again visited her patient, before herself retiring for rest—after the alarm of herself and niece, occasioned by the unusual application at their doors, had subsided—she found the poor woman in a high fever, and in a state of mind bordering on delirium.

There needed not much consideration on her part to decide on remaining by the bedside of her strangely-found charge; and dismissing her niece at once to her night's rest, she entered upon the self-imposed duty, like the veritable Samaritan she was.

Through a whole week of painful, tedious sickness these kind creatures nursed the unhappy Nelly; the dame administering her own simple remedies, soothing her troubled mind, and restoring the fainting and suffering frame.

The malady did not take any turn so alarming as to induce the good woman to call for medical aid. She had through a long life neither sought it for herself nor others whom she had nursed through far worse affliction, and perhaps she did not err very much in the reliance on nature, left to herself.

The stranger was suffering, in fact, from the reaction consequent upon excessive tension of the powers, bodily and mental; the last stroke of terror had overcome her, and she lay utterly prostrate.

For two days and a night she wandered pitifully in her mind, at times talked of things utterly incomprehensible to her kind watcher, chiefly exhorting her to protect and save her child, of whose welfare she never lost sight, though failing to recognize even her presence.

As much as was possible, they kept Ida from her room; the pretty niece, Rachel, being quite content to make her her constant care. The child was never happy but by her mother's bedside, yet she yielded to the young woman's caresses, and was soon won to relate, in her artless way, many incidents of their weary flight, and of much preceding it, that set Rachel pitying, and filled her with curiosity to know more.

Rest and kindness, nourishing food, and more than all, a blessed sense of safety, gradually restored the sufferer, and at the end of the week she had left her bed, and was sitting with her child upon her lap, beside her good Samaritan, to whom she had been relating so much of her story as sufficed for the general understanding of her situation.

The good woman sat for some minutes in silence, then she said gently—

"I guessed much of what thee hast told me; perhaps it might be from some of what thee hast said in thy sickness, unknowingly. And I am glad thee hast told me truth, else I should have thought worse of thee, judging, as I say, what was thy grief. Young woman, I am sorely grieved for thee, indeed, and thy case seems a sad one, yet I cannot approve thy act.

"Thou say'st thy husband was harsh and unkind, and that thy life was aweary; yet thee should'st remember that He who lays the burthern upon us will not suffer it to bear us to the earth, and that, though we bend and groan beneath its weight, we have no right to cast it from us, nor to say, 'It is heavier than I can bear, I *will* no more of it!'"

She stopped, for Nelly, leaning over her sleeping child, was weeping.

"Nay," the dame went on, "do not think me harsh or unkind. Indeed, I am but saying that which I believe, and which I deem most wise and prudent, and befitting one who has a Christian part to fill.

"God had seen fit thou shouldst be this man's wife, and thou hadst so accepted him. Was it then for thee, after thou hadst so become, to judge him? to cry, 'He is unworthy of me; I will quit him who is my master and my husband, to whom I have pledged my life and my troth?' What wouldst thou say of a servant, even, who should so quit thy service unadvised?—and how much more wert thou to him thou so didst leave?"

"But my child!" sobbed Nelly. "I felt I could not live long—and to leave her to him!"

"Has the good Lord not care for the smallest of these?" said the old woman, solemnly. "Will He sleep now, dost thou think, that thou shouldst tremble for His charge?"

"I have not told you all, quite," urged the afflicted woman. "I had cause to suspect him of a fearful crime—a crime that would cause his life to be forfeited. I did not wish to be his death; but I could not, could not——"

"Till *death* do us part," murmured the dame, in a clear, urgent tone; "it was so thee didst say, my child, and has thy oath been kept?"

Nelly bethought her that it was indeed by *death* they had been parted, and of its bony symbol now lying hid away in the folds of her dress, where, with the ring, she had stitched the skeleton hand, for security. But she said nothing, though she now saw, as in a vision, the fresh obstacles that she must encounter in this the rough path she had chosen.

Her well-meaning friend continued—

"I must hope thee will not think me harsh; indeed, we pity thee—I and my niece—very much, for this dear innocent one yet the more, and would do all we might to aid thee; and so I would gladly see thee acting as beseems a good woman and a dutiful wife. For who should a man trust to in his need, ay, even in his errors and shortcomings, if not to her who is bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh?—to her prayers, to her intercession, to her healing words, and righteous consolation? Bethink thee, my child; when I saw thee lying yonder in distress, would I stay to ask wert thou in sin or shame? wert thou of the chosen of Heaven, or but a castaway? Thou wert in trouble and suffering, and we succored thee, and but did that we should have done had crime been written on thy forehead. Then how much more shall be expected of the one who, by her own lips, is pledged to love, and obey, and honor in all things, second only to God? If she quit a man, even in his evil ways, who shall follow him thither, to seek and to save him?"

The unhappy wife wept on. The dame, whose zeal had warmed into an enthusiasm, and who feared, perhaps, that the sight of the younger one's tears might move her to more display of weak human nature than was consistent with fit austerity, now rose; and, taking the child from the weak arms of its mother, laid it upon the bed, and tenderly covered it. Then she quitted the room. But Nelly was not left long to shed her tears in solitude. On tiptoe, presently, stole in the kind-hearted Rachel, who, setting down beside her the basin of nicely-prepared food for the invalid's supper, spoke soothingly, as she made little arrangements for her comfort.

"Pray, don't thee cry," said the girl; "my aunt never means to vex you, or any one: she only speaks for the best. She is so very good, it do seem hard for ordinary folk to be like her. The right do not seem always so easy. I am sure *I* know that, as I have had her teaching ever since I can remember. But don't thee fret; and when thee's a bit stronger thee will see things more cheerful—I know thee will do so; and my aunt means thee to stay till thee be strong and hearty."

Poor Nelly! here was a new difficulty—a fresh penance to be superadded to that accumulated burden she already accepted as the life-long expiation of her first error!

At that moment she felt, heavy as was her debt of gratitude, that she could have turned from the house of her benefactor without a word, to seek once more her fate; but with the consciousness of incapability came reflection. She was compelled to acknowledge in her heart much of the truth of dame Tibbett's exhortation; felt, too, now utterly impossible it was for others to sympathize with or understand her motives; felt that she must henceforth be content to be condemned and scorned by her fellow-creatures, on a verdict against which, though she might appeal to her own conscience, she could elsewhere urge no valid defense, and that submission and resignation would be her sole refuge.

A few more days passed. She gained strength, and urged her wish for departure. Ever since she had begun to sit up, she had insisted on employing her hands at some needlework—the only means she possessed of testifying her gratitude, and the unusual skill and beauty of her work had gratified the old woman extremely.

From Rachel, Nelly had learned the cause of the disturbance that had so alarmed her, and, to her relief, that Saul had only inquired the road.

"It might have been a traveller that had lost his way, or it might have been some evil-disposed fellow," said Rachel. "Aunt thinks it was, as the barking of the dogs seemed to have scared him, for when we got to the upper window, where we answer from, he was gone. It would not do, thee knows, to open the door to all at night, and we but two lone women, though the dogs are a safeguard—that is certain."

It was a poor chance, the venturing forth again in uncertainty, and Nelly felt it to be so; but she was greatly restored, and her little daughter seemed almost to have forgotten her share of their troubles in the pleasant life she now led. Indeed, Nelly dreaded a longer continuance of ease, and determined on at once setting forward.

She had already urged her wish, and been always induced to delay by the kindly persuasions of her new friends; now she announced her resolution fixed.

She was alone with the dame when she said this. It was evening, and little Ida, with the gentle Rachel, was enjoying the delights of the small garden—the only cultivated piece of all the vast wilderness that surrounded the house.

Nelly, with the most fervent expressions of gratitude for all the kindness she had received, had told her she should depart with the morrow's dawn.

"And thee hast thought of what I said," asked Dame Tibbett, earnestly; "thee will return to thine own lawful husband and his home, or thou wilt tell us where he may be found, that we may send for him to come to thee. It would, indeed, rejoice me to restore thee to him." To be continued.

WHAT TROUBLES US.

It is not so much that we lack what we need, as that others have more than we do which causes us to be discontented.

We are too apt to become envious, and then, *of necessity*, we are dissatisfied and unhappy.

One of the hardest lessons we have to learn is that *we are never wronged*, however much greater blessings are poured on others than on us; so long as we get more good things than we deserve, *as every single soul of us* that breathes on the earth *does* get.

What if our neighbor does not deserve it any better, what if he does not deserve it one quarter as well; if it pleases God to give him good fortune, it is none of *our* business. He has a right to do as he will with his own, so that no one is wronged.

Perhaps he keeps us down in love, and raises others up in wrath—who knows? We know he does *right*, and that's about all we *do* know. Nay; we know another thing, viz., that great prosperity seldom improves the moral and spiritual condition of individuals of our frail race, and we *might* know, had we sense enough, that the gratification of all our selfish heart's cravings is nothing which we need to desire. But from the cradle to the grave we envy one another.

Yesterday, as we passed towards the ferry boat, we purchased of a little flower-girl a bouquet for our study table. The day was warm, and instead of seating ourself in the cabin, we walked forward, and stood where the cool breeze could refresh us, and a sunset view of the river meet our view.

Just as the boat started we heard a woman's voice calling,

"Georgie, Georgie, you must not go away from the door."

At the same instant out darted a small, flaxen-haired creature, clad all in white, and holding in his hand a very pretty bunch of flowers.

He evidently had not been taught to mind the maternal command, for he showed no intention of returning to the door; but skipped lightly about among the people, with his smiling gaze fixed upon his flowers. He seemed delighted, and perfectly happy over them, and the pleasure that shone in his soft little face made it beautiful.

We thought the child lovely spite of his disobedience, which we decided instantly was all the fault of his mother.

Presently he lifted his laughing face to see if no one beside himself was admiring his treasure. His blue eyes rested on the large bouquet in our hand, and suddenly his countenance changed. Changed totally—surprizingly—hardly could there have been a greater difference had his head been whisked off his shoulders, and that of some infuriated little imp been put in its stead. We could hardly have believed that the features of a little child *could* be so distorted by envy and rage. He frowned, stamped, screamed, and ran to his mother with his now despised nosegay, imperiously demanding a large one like mine.

Really I did not know but I should be expected to yield my flowers to the youthful sinner.

This was rather an extreme case; but it made all the deeper impression, and "Oh!" thought we, "what a demon is envy! Who shall deliver us from its power?"

G. H.

A WHOLESALE WISH.—At a recent dinner of shoe and leather manufacturers, the following toast was given:—"May we have all the women in the country to *shoe*—and all the men to *boot*."

MY CREED.

BY ALICE CARY.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen—that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme—a vain pretence—
Where centre is not—can there be
Circumference!

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go;
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the sickle's rush
Through wheat-fields, or the fall of showers,
Or by some cabin door, a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints—we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

CAPTURED BY WILD HORSES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The most exciting and perilous ride I ever had, (said an old gentleman, who had spent a great portion of his life in travelling through different countries,) occurred on the plains of Northern Mexico, a good many years ago, while on a journey northward from Chihuahua to Santa Fe. Our cavalcade consisted of seven persons, six horses, and seven mules. The individuals were myself, two friends, three servants, and a guide. My companions, self and servants, were all mounted on good, high-spirited horses, the guide rode a mule, and the other mules were laden with our luggage.

One warm, pleasant day, as we were jogging quietly over a long, dusty stretch of prairie, our guide, who was riding some little distance in advance, and who had just ascended a swell of ground that enabled him to see much further than ourselves, suddenly wheeled his mule and came galloping back to us, with terror depicted in his every look and motion, shouting in Spanish:

"Indians! Indians! Save yourselves, Señores—save yourselves! Ave Maria Sanctissima!"

We drew at up once, ordered the guide to stop and calm himself, and then looked quickly and carefully to our weapons. That we might be assailed by some of the roving bands of savages which infested that section of the country, and who with impunity committed their depredations upon the timid and cowardly inhabitants, was not in the least improbable; but we were well armed, had previously prepared ourselves for just such an emergency, and had not the least idea of betaking ourselves to flight.

"These puny Mexicans are always scared at their shadow!" said Wilkins, the oldest of my friends, a strong, powerful, determined man, who was ever ready to face any danger. "Come, I will lay you a guinea, Johnson, (turning to me,) that these Indians amount to only a small frisky herd of buffaloes after all."

"I dare not take the bet," said I, "for I am of the same opinion."

"Let us ride forward and see for ourselves," rejoined Stanton, the other friend alluded to.

In another minute we were dashing up the swell before us; and from its summit we beheld, afar in the distance, a grey cloud of dust stretched far along the horizon, evidently made by a large body of running animals, but whether buffaloes or horses we could not yet determine.

Whichever they were, it seemed clearly a stampede, since no half-dozen tribes could send out such an immense body of warriors; but with this conclusion we were far from feeling at ease; for they were unmistakably coming toward us, and we might be overthrown and trampled to death, or lose a portion of our horses and mules in the thundering rush past us. We were all now collected on the summit of the swell, and our servants were much alarmed at the sight; but our guide Pedro, after having convinced himself that there were no yelling Indians coming for his scalp, became quite at his ease; and as the swelling cloud gradually rolled nearer, and here and there a head could be dimly perceived, he remarked, in a tone of indifference, that it was only a body of wild horses.

"Are you certain it is not a stampede of buffaloes?" inquired I, with some uneasiness, not feeling half as well satisfied and contented as the man who had nothing more than his own life to lose.

"Oh, yes, Señor—my eyes are good—and I am certain they are not buffaloes, but horses."

"And are we in no danger from them here?"

"Oh, no, Señor—they are very timid, and will shy off as soon as they see us."

"Nevertheless, it is as well to be prepared for the worst," said Wilkins. "I do not know much about these northern droves of wild horses; but in South America, a body like this is apt to give travellers a great deal of trouble. Let us bring our horses and mules into as close a body as possible; and every man endeavor with a tight rein to hold his own animal from bounding away to join the herd, while we all shout loudly, if they near us, to frighten them off."

His directions were immediately complied with; and then in almost breathless suspense we awaited the result. On came the long, dusty line, spreading far out to the right and left; and presently we could hear the rumbling thunder of the mighty rolling mass, every moment growing louder and more distinct, while the earth began to quake from their many thousand clattering hoofs. Now we began to see in the foremost line, as the cloud of dust occasionally rolled upward, the graceful and symmetrical forms of the noblest and most beautiful of all created four-footed animals, and knew for a certainty that we were being rapidly approached by a tremendous drove of wild horses, one of the largest ever seen on the prairies of our northern clime. Louder sounded the thunder of their advance, and nearer and clearer they came to our view, till at length we could hear their wild neighing, and distinguish the sleek, beautiful form of the coal black leader, as he gallopped, pranced and curvetted in advance, in all the wild and joyous freedom of a proud native of the wilderness.

Thus far our mules had stood quietly huddled together, and our gallant steeds had only showed their interest in the exciting scene by pricking up their ears, champing their bits, glancing sharply and steadily toward the coming body, and uttering an occasional snort; but now they began to grow somewhat restless and uneasy, backing, dancing, and springing forward, and requiring all our skill and strength to keep them in their proper places.

"Unless we can turn yonder leader of the drove, who seems bearing directly down upon us, we shall soon have trouble here," said Wilkins, somewhat excitedly. "He is near enough to hear us now; and so let us begin by shouting, my men, and shouting lustily. Come, all together now!"

Instantly we sent forth a series of shouts and yells that would have done credit to a band of savages. We could see that the leader heard us, and, by certain unmistakeable signs, that his attention was now fixed upon us; but notwithstanding all this, he did not seem disposed to alter his course, but came thundering forward as if with the design of rushing through our little body and trampling us beneath his feet.

"By heavens, gentlemen, this is getting serious!" exclaimed Stanton, as his horse made a sudden and violent spring foward, nearly unseating him.

"The deuse take the brutes!" cried Wilkins, as his own beast began to snort and whinny and rear and pitch in a most violent manner.

So far my high-mettled steed, generally very docile under the saddle, had given me little trouble, but now, unexpectedly, he caught the bit in his teeth, and, with a loud, furious snort and neigh, plunged down the slight declivity, and made directly toward the leader of the herd, who, as the two rapidly neared each other, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary, finally turned off one side, with a peculiar whinny, shot in between me and my alarmed and shouting friends, and made a rapid circle around me, followed by more than a hundred of his nearest companions; while the others, rushing past to the right and left, and then wheeling also, completely enclosed me in the very centre, as it were, of the mighty drove.

Though accounted a good horseman, I no longer had the slightest control over the beast I rode; and with a feeling of alarm and dismay, bordering on despair, I found myself at the mercy of the animal, enveloped in a cloud of dust, and more than five thousand wild horses whinnying, snorting, prancing and galloping around me—a living whirlpool, of which I was the fearful centre, to be drawn down, as it were, at any moment, to a speedy and terrible death.

Suddenly, with a wilder snort, and a louder neigh, the fiery leader of the drove struck off in a different direction across the plain, and I found myself borne swiftly and helplessly along in the very center of the rushing and thundering mass, so enveloped in the mighty cloud of dust that I could get no glimpse of my friends, from whom I felt I had now made an eternal separation. Once more I tried to curb and control my steed, or at least guide him out of the serried ranks—but I might as well have attempted to manage the lightning-bolt of heaven.

Oh, that fearful ride! as on, on we sped, in that cloud of choking dust, till my brain ached and reeled, and all things swam around me, and I began to dream of parched deserts and cooling springs, and a thousand deceitful illusions cheated my senses with alternate hopes and fears that had no connection with the awful reality. At first I thought of the immediate friends behind me, and wondered if they had escaped unharmed, and if they would follow on to learn my fate or try to save me from an awful doom; then I thought of other friends, far, far away, and pictured the gloom of sorrow that would overshadow them when they should learn the awful truth concerning the wanderer; and then succeeded a long period of those wild fantasies of which I have spoken, and which were similar to those which gather around the brain in the hours of a burning fever.

And yet on, still on, for many a long league, the centre of that flying body of wild horses, which had now become a regular stampede.

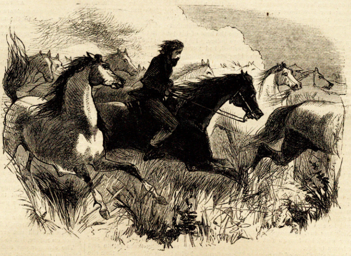
The next I clearly remember, is of feeling a cool breeze, that came from the ice-crowned mountains we were approaching, blowing upon my fevered brow, and rolling back the dust, so that I could breathe with new life and freedom. I looked around upon the undulating sea of rushing steeds, and, comprehending my terrible situation, began to wonder how I had been so long preserved amid such dangers, and to consider the chances of my ultimate escape. We were nearing the rougher lands that stretched along the base of the hills; already we were passing over more humid and uneven ground, where the dust was fast lessening, and the green turf increasing; and my own horse at least, panting and foaming, and occasionally slightly reeling under the heavy weight he carried, clearly showed symptoms of not being able much longer to keep the speed of his free and untamed companions. If he would only slacken and let the others pass him, I should thus be liberated and saved; and tightening the reins, I sought to check his wild flight, and succeeded in a slight degree; but the animals behind, pressing upon him, pushed him forward, and gave no hope; and I clearly saw that if by any accident he should fall, we should both be trampled to death in a few moments; so I gave him his head once more, and prayed to Heaven for preservation and final release.

I was now suffering terribly from the effects of my ride. My throat seemed swollen, and my breathing was labored; my tongue seemed too large for my mouth, and my lips were parched; my forehead, hot and feverish, seemed bursting with an enlarged and throbbing brain, and my eyes fairly burned, as if they were coals of fire. I was rapidly perishing of a consuming thirst—rendered so intense by my fatiguing and exciting ride under a hot sun and through a desert of dust, that it seemed to me a whole river would not be sufficient to quench it.

The ground was now fast becoming more rough and uneven, and I was obliged to look carefully to my stumbling beast to keep him from falling; but I could perceive that the speed of the whole herd was lessening, and this filled me with joyful hope; and looking far ahead, I beheld a long line of trees, which I knew marked the course of a stream, and I felt my heart bound with a strange and wild delight. If the horses were as thirsty as myself, they would unquestionably stop at the river to drink, and then I believed that I could escape in various ways, and my soul seemed to go out in thanksgiving at the very thought.

In less than half an hour my wild hope became a reality; the horses, eager with thirst, ran straight to the water, spreading out in a long line upon the woody bank of the stream; and as my own beast passed under a favoring tree, I caught the lower limb, swung myself clear, and drew myself up into the body, where I clung and trembled and wept for joy. I was saved! I was saved! and I thanked God with all the fervency of a grateful heart.

The rest of my story is soon told. As soon as the wild animals had slaked their thirst, they formed again and trotted away to a green valley about two miles distant; but my own poor beast seemed to have had enough of the wild sport, and, with drooping head and tail, remained to crop the green blade where he was. I descended from the tree and secured him, and then bathed, quenched my burning thirst, and felt as if I had taken a new lease of life. Remounting, I rode out upon the plain, to consider my course for the coming night; when, with a joy no tongue can express, I beheld my friends in the distance. They had all escaped, and followed as fast as they could the broad trail of the mighty herd, hoping I might providentially be saved.



We camped that night upon the bank of the river, and I became the subject of many a merry jest for my unequalled horsemanship and worse than John Gilpin ride.

SMILE, AND NEVER HEED ME!

Though, when other maids stand by,
I may deign thee no reply—
Turn not, then, away—and sigh;—
Smile, and never heed me!
If our love, indeed, be such
As must thrill at every touch,
Why should *others* learn as much?
Smile, and never heed me!

Where's the use that *they* should know
If one's heart beat fast or slow?
Deepest love avoideth show!
Smile, and never heed me.
Let our hearts, like stars of night,
Shunning day's intrusive light,
Live—but for *each other's* sight!
Smile, and never heed me.

Even if, with maiden pride,
I should bid thee quit my side,
Take this lesson for thy guide—
Smile, and never heed me!—
But when stars and twilight meet,
And the dew is falling sweet,
And thou hear'st my coming feet—
Then—thou then—may'st heed me!

RAINY DAYS.

Raining again! St. Swithin! is that the patter of big, uncompromising drops on the window panes once more? Are we to live under an umbrella for the rest of our mortal sojourn? And will any gracious individual answer the important question: What shall we do with the rainy days?

Somehow there is an awful and impenetrable mystery about rainy days. Old maids always choose them to have the toothache, and tell about the beaux they might have had—old bachelors always discover holes in their stockings, and leaks in their brandy bottles, on such days. Children universally catch cold, and get into mischief; babies swallow thimbles and burn their fingers, and visitors from the country arrive, with carpet-bags and trunks. And, moreover, husbands stay home from "the office," and elevate your spirits by alternately rocking fiercely backwards and forwards in the creakiest chair in the house, and flattening their noses against the window-glass, while they wonder audibly "if it is going to rain at this rate all day?" The most angelic husbands become nuisances little short of the small-pox on rainy days. They invariably find out that the chimney smokes, and that the children are badly brought up, on these occasions. Never knew such discoveries made on a sunny day, in our life! If people have got a disagreeable streak about them, (and who hasn't?) it is sure to strike through to the surface in rainy weather!

We wonder how Mr. and Mrs. Noah lived through the "damp spell," of which history tells us! Did Nr. N. select that particular opportunity of going hen-hussying about with his hands in his pockets—stay, though! People didn't wear pockets in those days, did they? Did he count the number of sticks in the hold, and tell his wife they wouldn't last until the shower was over, unless she was a little more economical in boiling the tea-kettle? Did he sneak into the cupboards, while Mrs. Noah was looking after the goats, to see whether the pomegranites and figs were likely to hold out? Didn't the whole family wish he would "paddle off" somewhere once in a while? Why has not somebody perpetuated an account of the domestic economy in the Ark?

Ladies, if you are tempted to grumble at the meddling disposition of your spouses, when rainy weather renders it out of the question for them to get to their respective dens down town, just remember that Mrs. Noah's husband was "round in the way" for a hundred and fifty days!

On the whole, we do not object to a good old-fashioned north-easter occasionally. It is nice, if you have a good steep-roofed garret to sit in, to read your old letters, with a perpetual tune of rain-drops playing overhead; it is convenient to mend up all the dilapidated old clothes, for there is no danger of being surprised by fashionable neighbors, who don't know what a patch means; it is the time to pick up all the dropped stitches of our hurried, over-burdened lives, to look at the past, and weave plans for the future. If we had no rainy weather, our hearts never would leap up at the sight of blue rifts of sky, and mellow bursts of sunshine. All things considered, we'll try to get along with the rain and if there comes a very soaking, pattering, aggravating time, we will think of Mrs. Noah, and be thankful!

Mrs. George Washington Wyllys.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

H. J. B.—What is the best business for a young man to embark in? It is a very foolish question. The best business for some young men is street-sweeping, because it requires only a very small quantity of brains. You must tell us more about the young man before we can form an opinion as to the business that is most suitable to him. We should not have noticed this profound inquiry, if we were not constantly in the receipt of similar ones.

E. L. G.—This correspondent asks why the capital of Holland is called *the* Hague, instead of Hague. Because the Dutch name of the place is Le Gravenhage, which means the Count's Meadow. The English contraction of the name retains the article. For a similar reason, the capital of Cuba was formerly called *the* Havana, from the Spanish, La Habana, which signifies the Harbor.

Baltimore.—"Can a woman love a man unsought, and be a true, modest, womanly woman?" We think she can, provided she does not in any way seek a return, but confines the secret scrupulously to her own self.

Y. W. N.—We know nothing about the efficacy of any prescription to make hair or whiskers grow in a few weeks. We do not believe that such rapid changes are effected by nostrums of any kind.

Inquirer.—We have already explained, more than once, the contradictory statements with regard to the cotton bales at the battle of New Orleans. We can only repeat that cotton bales were *tried* in the ramparts and found not to answer the purpose. They were all removed several days before the final affair of the 8th of January.

Frippery.—"Why do gentlemen effeminately use perfumes?" asks Frippery. We cannot say, unless it be from a sense of deficiency in bodily agreeableness. We dislike the *abuse* of perfume even in the "weaker sex;" and a full-grown, able-bodied man, shaking the sweets of Araby from his folded kerchief, is an abomination in our sight and smell. Much perfume is suggestive of deficient personal cleanliness. This may be a mistaken notion of ours, but so firmly is it seated that we instinctively make a remove from the close proximity of one of these perfumed gentry. There is nothing like a good circulation of fresh air for a perfume, as any one who has been cribbed, cabined and confined in some public place, where the air was poisonous with jockey-club, verbena and millefleurs can chokingly testify. If one must use perfume, let him eschew all these, and sprinkle himself with the best eau-de-cologne.

Clara tells us a strange story. She says that a male friend of hers going West became acquainted with a young man, "whom, he thought, would suit her style;" that he spoke to this strange young man about it, and that thus a correspondence was begun and kept up for three years; when suddenly this strange young man got married, much to Clara's surprise; and she cannot now recover of him her letters written during the three years of correspondence. "And now," asks Clara, "what do you think of all this?" We think that the whole affair is very discreditable to all parties, yourself included. Young girls who, in their haste to secure a husband, forget their delicacy or self-respect in this way, need expect nothing but mortification and insult. If the male friend who acted this absurd part of go-between, has not spirit enough to demand your letters of his friend, we know not how you can obtain them. Let it be a lesson to you in future.

Mark.—The sharpest curve round which a train of cars can run with safety at the rate of thirty miles an hour, is the segment of a circle two miles in diameter. In England curves sharper than this are illegal, except at places where every train must necessarily slacken its speed. With regard to the highest speed possible to be attained, it is now supposed that the resistance of the atmosphere will always limit the speed of trains to liitle more than a hundred miles an hour. When the rate of speed gets above forty miles an hour, it is thought that the resistance of the atmosphere far exceeds what has been hitherto calculated. This resistance is one reason why it takes four times as much fuel to propel a train forty miles an hour as it does to propel it twenty miles an hour.

Verus.—The pay of a colonel of engineers in the army of the United States is $235 per month; lieutenant colonel, $211; major, $187; captain, $137,50; lieutenant, $120,83. The pay of the officers of cavalry is nearly the same, the only difference being that the pay of captain and lieutenant is a little higher. Officers of infantry and artillery are paid as follows: Colonel, $218 per month; lieutenant colonel, $194; major, $175; captain, $118; lieutenant, $108,50. The cadets of West Point who rank highest in their class are commissioned in the engineers; the second grade in the cavalry, the rest in the infantry and artillery.

Friend.—The phrase, "Ides of March," simply means March the fifteenth. The word Ides is derived from a Greek word which signified the time of the full moon, and as the Roman month was lunar, the day of the full moon was called the Ides. The Ides of March, May, July and October came on the 15th; the Ides of all the other months occurred on the thirteenth. We may discourse more at large on the Roman month on some future occasion, if you desire it. It is extremely difficult to convey any clear information on that subject without telling all about it.

Coxiana.—You inquire if, on a skating party, a very genteel and polite gentleman to whom you had never been introduced, should offer to teach you to skate, whether it would be proper to accept his assistance. No; and the more "genteel and polite" he was, the farther you should keep away from him, till you know something more about him.

Housekeeper.—There are many ways of making potato pudding. The following is a common method: Take two pounds of potatoes; boil and mash them; add a pint of milk, three well beaten eggs, two ounces of sugar, and a little nutmeg. When the whole is well mixed, bake it. This is a very nice, cheap pudding, and very easily made.

Second Avenue.—Nathaniel Macon, of Georgia, sat in Congress for thirty-seven consecutive years. No other man has served so many years in Congress. He was elected in 1791 to the House of Representatives, served in that House until 1815, was then elected Senator, and remained in the Senate until 1828.

Nye.—The coast of Norway is as well known as the coast of Long Island. There is no maelstrom there, and never has been. It is an old, old fable, that lingers in the schoolbooks to this day. There is not an atom of truth in the story.

Farmer's Boy.—A hen of average quality, properly fed and managed, will lay from 120 to 160 eggs in a year. By the use of artificial stimulants the number of eggs may be increased to an average of 200, but it is not best to administer such to the fowls.

Subscriber.—There is nothing that will remove freckles without injuring the texture of the skin. *Prevention* in this case, as in most others, is better than cure. Use veils and a parasol.

Inquisitive Boys.—These smart young gentlemen are exercised to know who was the mother of David, king of Israel. If the wife of Jesse was not his mother, we know not for whom the honor can be claimed.

Minta.—Is a young lady who has seen a gentleman friend tipsy on more than one occasion, justified in allowing him to visit her? We think not: we don't know why she should submit to such a mortification.

T. J.—Our advice is, that you abstain from the company of people who do not know how to behave with common decency, and then you will not be called upon to resent rudeness of behavior.

N. H.—After receiving an introduction to a gentleman in a ball-room, it is proper to speak to him afterwards, always with the understanding that he was a proper person to be introduced, in the first place.

Adolescence.—This correspondent writes to us as follows: "I love a lady who is four years my senior, but my parents object to my marrying her on account of the difference in our ages. Have they any right to object on that account? Women frequently marry men much older than themselves, and why may not a man, with equal propriety, marry a woman who is older than he is?" In forming matrimonial alliances there are many things to be taken into consideration, such as the relative social position of the parties, their peculiar dispositions and temperaments, whether they are fitted by a similarity of taste and inclination to be partners for life; and, in short, whether they can be happy with each other. If these are all settled to your satisfaction, and there remains no objection to your union but the difference in your ages, we do not think that that should be considered a very serious obstacle. You should, however, obey your parents until you become of age, when you will be at liberty to think and act for yourself. As a general rule, the husband should be older than the wife, for several considerations. Woman, physiologically speaking, matures at an earlier age than man, and consequently is earlier fitted for the married state than he. Again, the man is "to cherish and protect," the woman "to love, honor and obey," and it does not appear to us that a woman can "honor or obey," or feel that respect and pride for a man, which a wife ought to feel for her husband, when he is younger than she. There are other reasons which we might name, but it is unnecessary.

Lex.—We do not think there is at present a demand, or even room for another dictionary of the English language. There are but very few words, and those mere provincialisms, which are not found in our present lexicons; and the definitions of the different words are so clearly given, the shades of meaning so fully distinguished, the derivation so learnedly set forth, and the references to standard authors and quotations illustrative of the usage of every word, are so full and explicit, that the whole subject, so far as practical use is concerned, is exhausted. Indeed, nothing can be taken from our present dictionaries without detracting from their completeness, and not much could be added without increasing their volume to an unnecessary size. Besides, you do not appear to be familiar with all the different elements of lexicography, and have not dived deep enough to get at the bottom of the subject. To full and complete lexicography there are seven different elements, viz.: the grammatical, the etymological, the exegetical, the synonomous, the chronological, the rhetorical, and the statistical. However, you must be your own judge in a matter of business in which no one is interested but yourself.

Hannibal.—Your chronology is at fault to the extent of some two hundred years. The battle of Zama was fought in the year 202 B. C., Hannibal commanding the Carthagenians and Scipio the Romans. The rivalry between these two renowned generals was intense; and as each felt that not only his own destiny, but the fate of his country, probably depended on the issue of the battle, each put forth all his resources. The battle was one of the most sanguinary in history. Misfortune seemed to perch on Hannibal's banner. Everything went against him. Even his elephants turned upon his own troops, and his auxiliaries having by their misconduct thrown his whole line of battle into confusion, at last got into a sanguinary contest with his regulars. For this reason the Carthegenians were in a manner obliged to fight two battles, one against their mercenary troops, and one against the Romans, and were finally defeated with prodigious slaughter.

Eulalie.—Treat the gentleman to whom you refer merely as a friend, and let things take their course. Although he may have paid you "marked and exclusive attention," yet if he has never "really addressed" you, as you say, you cannot well call him to an account for faithlessness. Should you do so, it would probably ruin everything, for he would very likely tell you that you were taking a great deal for granted, and advise you not to fall in love with every one who happened to show you a little attention. Treat him with kindness, and conduct yourself as if you cared nothing about it, and if he has any real affection for you, he will come around all right. The fact that he still waits upon you at church shows that he is not mortally offended, and perhaps there are reasons for his not calling upon you after your return, which time will satisfactorily explain.

Young Matron.—You have sent us a catechism instead of a question. We will answer some of your inquiries, however. I. The first editor of a newspaper was Nathaniel Butler, who started the London Weekly News in May, 1622. II. The greatest living musician is Rossini, composer of the Barber of Seville. III. It cannot be known who discovered that cream could be turned into butter, because the oldest records of such matters give us no knowledge of a period when butter was unknown. IV. It is impolite to refuse to play for company when you are properly asked, if you can play well enough to entertain them. A prompt, good-natured compliance with such a request is the hight of good breeding. If you *can* play, and mean to play, *play* at once; if not, give a decided refusal, and stick to it.

Domestic Home.—Yours is certainly a difficult case to dispose of. To be so overrun with company, night and day, that your wife is obliged to neglect her household duties in order to attend to them, must be very annoying. We think they must have very little to do at home, or else neglect *their* household duties, to come day after day, and at all hours, seasonable and unseasonable; and it strikes us if your wife would have the servant politely inform them, when they call, that she is engaged and cannot see company at that hour, that no offence would be given. If any are so obstinate in their trespassing upon your hospitality as to refuse to take such a hint, suppose you call their attention in a delicate way to this article in the Ledger.

Zulah.—If you *had* been engaged to another, although the engagement may have been broken off before you became acquainted with the young man to whom you afterwards became engaged, it seems to us very natural that, when he learned of this engagement, he should desire an explanation. If, as you say, the other engagement was broken off for good reasons, and there was nothing connected with it to deter you from explaining the whole subject, it strikes us it would have been better to have frankly given him an account of the event. If you are now desirous of explaining the circumstance, and you "love him so that you cannot endure his coldness any longer," it would be best to do so at once, and thus put an end to your mutual unhappiness.

Manhattan.—This correspondent says, "I am a young man, 21 years of age, of a limited education, and have taken a great notion to study law. For pecuniary reasons, I cannot study in a law office, and I do not know how to commence to study by myself. What is your advice?" It is rather late in the day for a young man in your situation to commence studying law. However, if you are determined to pursue that course, you have only to purchase the elementary works, the names of which any lawyer will give you on application to him. Set about it.

S. T.—Yes, you can by assiduous and persevering study acquire the art of reporting from a book upon that subject. We would advise you to get some good manual of phonography, and study it carefully, and continue to practice writing according to the directions there given. You must persevere, and not become negligent as persons studying alone are apt to do, but continue the study until you have thoroughly mastered it, and you will acquire what you would not part with for any consideration.

Ledger Reader.—It would certainly be folly in you to marry, when you have no regular business, nor any means of supporting a wife. We think it would be better to wait until you were in a situation to marry, before asking the hand of the young lady, although, to a youth of the right stamina, the prospect of receiving the hand of a girl he loves would be a powerful incentive to action. However, it is as well to wait, and thus test the strength of your affection. Time works great changes.

Lewis.—Were it a gentleman with whom you are corresponding, you might, very properly, insist upon an answer to your last letter before writing again, but one must submit to a little dictation from the ladies. Perhaps she considers that, by coming to your county and there meeting you, she has given you a personal answer; and surely the privilege of seeing her ought to be much more acceptable to you than any written letter could be.

Winnie.—Of course a young lady should not procure a gentleman's portrait without his knowledge. A young lady should not *desire* a gentleman's portrait unless he be a relative, or an accepted lover. If he did not choose to give it to you, it would be improper to obtain it surreptitiously. Consider what *your* sentiments would be if some young gentleman should obtain *your* portrait in that manner.

F. J. B. asserts that *there are no bald-headed idiots*, and wants to know the reason of it. As we have unfortunately seen several specimens of the bald-headed idiot, F. J. B.'s assertion, like their hair, falls to the ground.

Barratt.—Is a genius for speaking a greater endowment than a genius for writing? We should say, other things being equal, that *they* were equal.

Distress.—If you cannot get an opportunity to declare yourself at the young lady's house, suppose you ask her to take a ride with you, and then learn your fate.

Y. Y.—Jenny Lind *is* a Sweede, as you suppose.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*